THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Vol. LX' Historical Society E J. POLLARD, Editor and Proprietor.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—TUESDAY, APRIL 24th, 1928. 1

$1.50 per year in advance

"Orange Pekoe" is only the name given to a style of leaf—Some good, many poor. Orange Pekoes are sold—The most economical and yet the finest flavoured is "SALADA" Orange Pekoe—Sealed in metal—pure—fresh—delicious—43c per ½-lb.

"SALADA" ORANGE PEKOE BLEND TEA 289

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering.
Drainage Engineering.
Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
John Street,
South of Paisley House.
Phone 385. Box 139.
15tf

INSURANCE
For Fire Insurance try
ALFRED McCUTCHEON,
Roblin.
A number of companies to choose from.
Office:
Residence, Roblin, Main Street.
27-tf

DOXSEE & CO.
Millinery
Individual Hats
Aglow with the newness of Spring. Recent arrivals that portray all the smart ideas. Fashioned of Sisol, Balibuntal, Bakou and the leading straws and fabrics for Spring and early summer.
Tailored and Dress Hats in Lace, Mohair, Celephane and Transparent Hats for ladies and misses. Prices range from
$2.25 to $18.00

LADIES' SILK UNDERWEAR
Including Bloomers, Vests, and Nightgowns and Brassieres in choice range of vanity colors. All sizes. Moderate prices.
LADIES' SILK HOSIERY in all shades and sizes. $1.00, $1.50 $1.75.
LADIES' SCARFS, the latest.
CORSETS a specialty.
The Leading Millinery House

GOOD CLOTHES!
At a price that cannot be beaten, no matter where you look.
Suits for Men, Boys, and Youths. College Brand with style.
The kind that gives long service.
W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Men's and Boys' Wear
Newburgh, - Ont.

If you want results use the Classified Adv. Column in The Napanee Express.

DECORATING
Interior and Exterior Decorating, Paper Hanging and Graining.
FRED RUSSELL.
Phone 406. East Street

FOR SALE—One high-grade used piano, good value. Inquire at WILSON'S HARDWARE.

GRIP LOST—Black club bag between Napanee and Kingston. Will finder leave same at this Office—Reward. 22-ap

FOR SALE—36 Barred Rock hens, 2 cockerels, 60 baby chicks with four hens. Apply to JAS. E. JOHNSTON, South Napanee, Drawer 100. 22-ap

SALE OF USED CARS—Some nearly new. Closed cars at great bargain prices. Come in and see them before you buy elsewhere. You can surely save money. At CARD'S GARAGE. 37-tf

FOR SALE—Desirable frome house, 8 rooms, large garden, furnace, electric light, water, garage, fruit trees and bushes. Apply on premises, Centre street. D. L. GREEN. 15-tf

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee. Ont. 6-tf

WANTED—We have a few used cars in good condition for sale. Would take horses or cattle of any kind in exchange. Bring on your live stock. PAUL'S GARAGE. Phone 198. 10

HOUSE FOR SALE—The home of the late Mrs. Florence Casey Ostrom, frame, good repair, electric light, water service, full lot, good garden soil, Piety Hill, Napanee. Apply to U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Solicitor for the Vendor. 48-tf

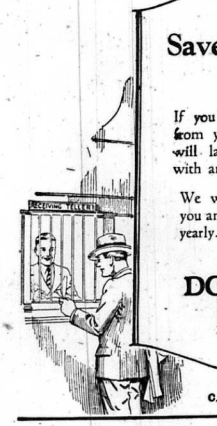
AGENTS WANTED—Either sex. $75 weekly easy selling PALCO CLEANERS, WASHO, POLISHRITE. Cleans everything right. Removes Road Tar without injury to paint. Sells on demonstration. Samples free. P. A. LEFEBVRE & Co., Alexandria, Ont.

NOTICE

TAKE NOTICE that opened portion of Water Street, situate between Church and Mill Streets, in the Village of Tamworth, Township of Sheffield, in the County of Lennox and Addington, to be exchanged with A. B. Carscallen in lieu for a road allowance running diagonally across Block N, connecting Mill Street with Bridge Street, at the western approach to the bridge.
JOHN E. PARKS,
20-d Clerk.

GOLDEN GLEAMS

"Stronger than steel is the sword of the spirit;
Swifter than arrows the light of the truth is,
Greater than anger is love that subdueth."
—Longfellow



Save Each Pay Day

If you do this the savings from your productive years will later on provide you with an income.

We will add interest for you and compound it half-yearly.

THE DOMINION BANK
Established 1871 132

Napanee Branch
C. Waite, Manager

SILLSVILLE.

A few "hardy spirits" have sowed a little and a number of gardens have been cultivted.

The comedy farce "Twelve Old Maids," put on by the Ladies' Aid of Sillsville in the hall on Wednesday evening was a decided success and proved most entertaining. The costumes worn by the ladies were all old fashioned, and some were near the century mark. Several solos and readings completed an enjoyable program and the proceeds were most gratifying.

Miss M. J. Mitchell has returned to her home in Renfrew.

Mr. Fred Dickson is on the road to recovery.

Miss A. Johnston was a recent guest of Mrs. W. Young.

RABIES

TOWNSHIP OF RICHMOND

ALL DOGS MUST BE DETAINED AND ISOLATED.

The following is a clause of a By-Law passed by the Municipal Council of the Municipality of Richmond:

"That any owner, possessor or harbourer of any and all dogs within the municipality shall detain, or cuse to be detained and isolated, all dogs so owned, possessed or harboured by him, and shall not allow said dog or dogs to be at large, or to be off his own premises for and during the currency of this By-Law."

All dogs found running at large will be destroyed.

H. A. WOOD, Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

In the matter of the Bulk Sales Act.

All persons having claims against GRANT L. PAUL, carrying on business as PAUL'S BOOKSTORE in the Town of Napanee, in the County of Lennox and Addington, are required to send same, verified by affidavit, to Uriah Morley Wilson, of the said Town of Napanee, Solicitor, on or before the 1st day of May, A.D., 1928.

The said business has been sold and proceeds of the sale will be divided after the said date amongst those creditors whose claims have been filed.

Dated at Napanee, Ontario, March 23rd, 1928.

U. M. WILSON,
Trustee.
18-d

COUNTY OF LENNOX AND ADDINGTON

Notice of Registration of By-Law No. 509

Notice is hereby given that a by-law was passed by the Municipal Council of the Corporation of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 23rd day of March, 1928, providing for the negotiation of an advance by the Dominion Bank to the amount of $130,000.00 for the purpose of paying the expenditures for the construction and the maintenance of highways forming part of the County Road System of the County during the year 1928, under Highway Improvement Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1927, Chapter 54, and that such by-law was registered in the Registry Office of the County of Lennox and Addington on the 30th day of March, 1928, as No. 93. Any motion to quash, or set aside, the same, or any part thereof, must be made within three months after the first publication of this notice and cannot be made thereafter.

Dated the 31st day of March, 1928.

W. G. WILSON,
19-d County Clerk.

Beautify Your Home
For approved methods of Garden Designing consult the LANDSCAPE DEPARTMENT of
The Belleville Nurseries
179 Dundas Street
Belleville - Ontario
21-tf

McGreer's Phone 226
Cash and Service Grocery
Dundas St. Napanee

Watch our Weekly Specials
That Little Store that Sells a Little Cheaper.

W. ROY McGREER

DESERONTO.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay (nee Annie Dunwoodie), on Thursday, April 19th.

Mrs. Fred Couter and infant daughter are the guests of Mrs. J. C. Burns.

Mrs. Frank Young spent Friday in Kingston.

Messrs. Edward Smith and F. Young spent the week-end at their homes here.

On Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. Radcliffe, president of Deseronto branch of the W. A., organized a branch in the parish of Tyendinaga, with Mrs. Pringle as President.

The Women's Citizens' League met at the home of Mrs. Edward Smith on Thursday evening. A very interesting paper on "Florence Nightingale" was read by Miss Lena Warren. As the masons intend holding a banquet on May 1st, the ladies of the league have decided to cater for them.

The ladies of the United church held a very successful home-made cooking sale in the stand formerly occupied by Mrs. Frost.

John Sullivan, of Toronto, spent the week-end the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. R. Hetherington.

Mrs. M. Denmark, of Belleville, spent the week-end the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Symons.

Mrs. J. M. Hall, who has been in Dorland, the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Chalmers, has returned home.

Sidney Jones, of Oshawa, spent the week-end in town.

Deseronto is receiving notice just now because of the fact that H. M. Moore, editor and publisher of the Deseronto Post, is producing a Canadian story magazine, which is finding a ready sale in all quarters.

The formal opening of Wilson's branch store, which is in charge of C. E. Henricks, is to take place some day this week. A stock is being put in the store and all preparations made for new business.

CAMDEN EAST.

A public meeting in the interests of the county roads was held in the Parish Hall on Wednesday evening and was well attended. A petition was signed to be sent in to the Council for immediate attention to the roads in this vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Shane and two children, of Toronto, spent a few days last week with friends and relatives here.

The play, "Deacon Dubbs," was presented at Harrowsmith on Wednesday evening.

Mr. C. Rogers and family have moved to the new home, recently purchased from J. W. Patterson.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Clodd and baby are now occupying Mr. C. Rogers' former residence.

Several are on the sick list.

TENDERS

SEALED Tenders will be received by the undersigned, not later than 12 o'clock noon, April 30th, 1928, for alterations to the Town Hall, Napanee, Ontario.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Town Hall, office of the Treasurer, or at the office of Messrs. Thomson & Johnson, Architects, Belleville, Ontario.

Lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated April 18th, 1928.

W. A. GRANGE,
Town Clerk,
Napanee, Ont.

MORTGAGE SALE.

Under and by virtue of the power contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by Public Auction, subject to a reserve bid, on

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1928,

at the hour of 2 o'clock in the afternoon, AT THE OFFICE OF T. B. GERMAN, 60 John Street, NAPANEE, ONTARIO, the following property, namely:

ALL and singular that certain parcel or tract of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Township of Fredericksburgh, Additional, in the County of Lennox and Addington, Province of Ontario, containing Forty-Seven acres more or less and being the West half of the West half of Lot Number Eight in the Fourth Concession of the said Township of Fredericksburgh, Additional, and being that portion of the said West half of said Lot Number Eight not devised to Leonard R. Dafoe by the last Will and Testament of his mother, Henrietta Dafoe.

The above is a desirable piece of property situate in a good locality, and should be an attractive opportunity for those wishing to purchase a small farm.

The property will be offered, subject to conditions of sale, and will be produced at the time of sale.

TERMS OF SALE:20 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid down at the time of sale and the balance to be paid within 10 days thereafter.

For further particulars and conditions of sale apply to T. B. German, Esq., Barrister-at-Law, Napanee, Ontario.

T. B. GERMAN,
Solicitor for Mortgagee.
22-d

RICHMOND MINUTES

A special meeting of Richmond Council was held on March 15th.

The members were all present, the Reeve presiding.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by M. H. Sexsmith, that a by-law to extend right to Tyendinaga Municipal Telephone Co. to give service to several ratepayers of Richmond Township be introduced. Carried.

Moved by D. Windover, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that By-law No. 764, regarding extension of Tyendinaga Telephone into Richmond, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Meeting adjourned.

Richmond Council met in Selby on April 2nd. Members all present, Reeve presiding. The minutes of last session were read and approved.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that J. E. Hudgins' pay sheet, amounting to $13.85, also several snow pay lists amounting in all to $379.10, be paid. Carried.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by H. Windover, that the Assessor's roll be accepted and a court of revision be issued in payment in full. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by S. J. Mowers, that taxes on the property of S. Young be cancelled. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by H. Windover, that a By-law be introduced appointing fence-viewers and pound-keepers. Carried.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that By-Law No. 765 re fence-viewers and pound-keepers, be given its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by H. Windover, that the Road Superintendent is hereby authorized to look over machinery and have necessary repairs and necessary painting attended to. Carried.

Moved by M. H. Sexsmith, seconded by Mr. H. Windover, that Mr. Ira Anderson be authorized to repair Hall and paint woodwork on outside. Carried.

Moved by S. Mowers, seconded by A. H. Oliver, that the clerk's account of fifteen dollars for registration of births, marriages and deaths in 1927, be paid. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. Windover, that the claim of Irwin Sexsmith be sent to the Ontario Insurance Co. for settlement. Carried.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by M. H. Sexsmith, that Wakefield Bye be appointed a pound keeper by M.O.H., be paid. Carried.

Council adjourned to meet Tuesday, May 8th.

POUND KEEPERS.

D. Fitzpatrick.
Robert Cook.
Wm. Miller.
A. J. Scott.
Ilert Hudson.
D. R. Sexsmith.
Geo. Sampson.
Arch McCutcheon.
J. M. Doyle.
Dan Jaynes.
John Cook.
Fred Doyle.
Gardner Jackson.
John Beline.
Geo. Tyner.
George Boothe.
John Anglestine.
Herb. Windover.
John McHenry.
Jonas Sweet.
Chas. Baker.
Jas. VanKoughnett.
Herb. Aylsworth.
W. J. Somers.
Rupert Taylor.
Wellington Craig.
Wm. McConnell.
Frank McConnell.
Leopold Carscallen.
Gordon Schermehorn.

FENCE VIEWERS.

Bruce Russell.
King Scott.
Byron Rose.
Merle Sills.
J. C. Hudgins.
Hayner Wayte.
Jas. N. Richmond.
Jas. Dudgeon.
Jas. A. Henderson.
Menzo Grooms.
Wm. A. McLeod.
Wesley Davis.
Chas. Hawley.
R. D. Bowen.
W. E. Jackson.
W. J. Gollinger.
Angus McQuaig.
W. J. Tyner.
Hiram Shannon
Henry Martin.
Garfield Sills.
A. C. McConnell.
Arch McCutcheon.
Fred Scrimshaw.
Stewart Mowers.

Special meeting of Richmond Council was held on April 16th.

Members all present, the Reeve presiding.

Moved by A. H. Oliver, seconded by H. Windover, that a By-Law re dogs, be drawn up as per request of Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa. Carried.

Moved by S. J. Mowers, seconded by M. H. Sexsmith, that the above By-Law No. 766, receive its third reading, be signed, sealed and finally passed. Carried.

Meeting adjourned.

Beautify your Home.
Use Martin-Senour 100% Pure Paints and Varnishes. Wall paints, floor paints, also brushing Lacquer, dries in 30 minutes. A complete stock of colors in all lines. Brushes, oils and glass. Prompt delivery. Phone 138.
WILSON'S HARDWARE.

SPRING DEANERY MEETING HELD

ANGLICAN CLERGY AND LAITY MET TOGETHER AT DESERONTO.

The spring Ruri-decanal Chapter of Lennox and Addington met in the Parish of St. Mark, Deseronto, and was well attended by the clergy and laity in the Deanery. The delegates from Bath were a strong aggregation. The services and meetings were most delightful. The Bishop celebrated and preached Thursday morning, April 12th, at 10.30 o'clock, assisted by Archdeacon Coleman, of Kingston, the Rector of the Parish and a good surpliced choir. Rev. H. Pringle acted as Rural Dean Radcliffe. After the service an excellent dinner was served at noon by Manager Toppings at the new Arlington hotel, for which he was complimented by both the Bishop, clergy and laity.

At 2 o'clock the afternoon meeting was called to order by the Rev. Rural Dean Radcliffe. It was well attended by the men and ladies. Rev. Canon Bishop, and Mr. Elliott, of Belleville, delivered two magnificent addresses most instructive and uplifting. The word of thanks to the speakers was very cordial and real.

Evening service at 8 o'clock was a fitting conclusion to a "perfect day" the Easter hymns being full of joy. The Rev R. J. Dumbrill, vicar of Napanee, preached a powerful sermon, suitable to clergy and laity alike.

The visiting clergy were the Bishop of the Diocese, Archdeacon Coleman of Kingston, and the Reverends Thomas Leech, of Amherst Island; W. G. Swayne, of Bath; R. J. Dumbrille, of Napanee; Arthur Strother, of Adolphustown; Herbert Pringle of Tyendinaga, and they all, at the Chapter meeting, expressed their appreciation of this visit and of the kind hospitality received in Deseronto.

Friday morning the Rev Arthur Strother read an excellent paper on "Prophecy." Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Henderson entertained the Rev. Thomas Leech; Mrs. Ballance, the Rev. Arthur Strother, an old friend of the family; Mrs. Radcliffe, Rev. W. G. Swayne at the Rectory, also other members of the Deanery at the tea hour. This was unanimously considered to be one of the best spring deanery meetings on record and the clergy were delighted to have lay brothers with them, a most pleasing feature of this gathering. "Happy to meet —sorry to part—happy to meet again."

NEWBURGH.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the United Church presented "The Strike of the Ladies' Aid" in the Town Hall on Tuesday evening, April 17th. The hall was well filled and $79 was realized. The ladies have already promised to repeat the play at Enterprise and Camden East.

Mrs. Wilfred Wilson, Miss Mabel McNeely and Mrs. Bruce Finley gave some musical and literary selections between the acts, which received hearty applause.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Farley, of Kingston, were motor visitors in town on Sunday last. Their daughters, June and Vivian, who spent the week-end with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Farley, accompanied them home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lockwood, of Newburgh, Mr. and Mrs. Lorne Lockwood, of Belleville, were in Kingston on Tuesday, attending the funeral of the late Alvin Wallace.

Mr Frank Briscoe has returned to British Columbia, after spending the past two months at his home here.

Miss Peggy Briscoe, of Galt, is the guest of her aunt, Miss Alma Briscoe.

The Young People's League have decided to discontinue their meetings for the summer. The last meeting was held on Wednesday evening, with the President, Miss E. Shorey, in the chair. Miss Keough had charge of the topic and Miss Marion Shorey gave the Scripture reading.

Mr. Wynn McDermott, of Toronto, was a recent guest at the Harrison home.

Mrs. Allen, of Yarker, spent a week with friends in the vicinity of Wesley and Newburgh.

Mrs. Bray were visitors in Kingston on Sunday last with Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Lee, Colborne street.

COLEBROOK.

Miss Mary Woodruff, of Ottawa, spent the Easter holidays with her parents.

Mr. Dagg, of Verona, has moved into Mrs. Sutton's house, and has opened a blacksmith shop in Mr. Harold Lee's barn. It is a good many years since this town boasted of a blacksmith, although there were two here at one time, and we hope that Mr. Davy will consider becoming a permanent resident.

Miss Gwendolyn Keyes, of Queen's University, Kingston, is spending her holidays with her parents.

Many of the residents of this village and surrounding district are doing away with their dogs for fear of rabies.

New Jersey hens will hatch pheasant eggs, and the young game chicks will later be turned loose.

SEEN FROM THE SIDELINES

Last Friday evening the remaining members of the Napanee Leafs, champions of the Bay of Quinte Softball League, held their annual organization meeting in the Frontenac Clubrooms in the Armouries.

The girls are anxious to commence playing ball, but are finding it difficult to get anyone to manage or coach them. Several names were brought forward at their meeting as suitable, among them Jack Adams, Wallace Perry, and Joe Killorin. Jack Adams of course, as a manager, needs no introduction. Wallace Perry has in the space of a few weeks, organized a Basketball team which is as yet undefeated. This is not so much on account of superior playing ability, for the team like Royals have been beaten so frequently had the first chance to pick the best talent of the town, and Mr. Perry took what was left over and made them into winners. It is his ability to coach and manage a team and get the greatest efforts from his players that has made Joe Killorin was one of those responsible for the introduction of Softball for girls into this part of the country. He was one of the original organizers of the old St. Pats team, who had a successful career four or five years ago. If any one of these three are willing to take charge of the girls, they are likely to have another successful season.

They have received an offer from the Toronto Nationals, who have held the Intermediate Championship of Ontario for years, to play a game in Toronto on the 24th of May as their guests. It is pleasing to note the friendly spirit of co-operation which has existed between these two teams for some years. The Nationals were one of the best teams in the game, and in playing with a team of their calibre the local girls always learn a great deal of the finer points of the game. The Toronto team have twice been the guests of the Leafs, making the trip here on the King's Birthday in 1926 and 1927, while the Leafs visited them in Toronto on Labor Day, 1926. It is to be hoped that the Leafs will be able to make this trip, for the backers of the Nationals always give them a wonderful time, and on the 24th of May they will play before a huge crowd in the city. They are busy at practice each evening in with Miss Grass, the President of the girls' club, for there are many vacancies to fill this year.

The N. C. I. Basketball teams, boys and girls, motored to Brockville on Saturday to play with the teams of the Collegiate Institute there. The girls played excellent games, the contest being close and very even, but the boys were outplayed, losing to the large eastern school by some fifty points.

* * * *

The Royals played a picked team of stars from the N.C.I. last week, and although the School was strengthened by players from the Town and by a couple of visitors from an American college, were again successful. The score was this time 37-24. It is expected that they will again appear in the N.C.I. gymnasium on Thursday night against the School team.

BUYING COMPANY SHARES

The modern tendency in industry seems to be toward decentralization of ownership. Public utilities particularly are encouraging the widest possible distribution of their stock among employees and subscribers—the people most vitally interested in the management of the industry.

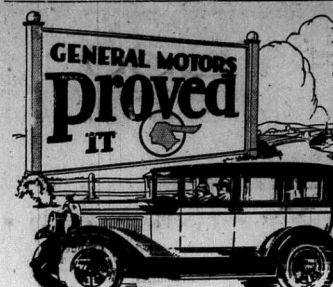
In its annual report for 1927, the Bell Telephone Company of Canada gives interesting figures on the ownership of its stock among its employees, 13,041 of whom are eligible to subscribe. Of this number, 10,137 employees—over 77 per cent, are now in process of paying for 35,095 shares. Since the inauguration of this easy payment plan in 1922, 26,828 paid-up shares with a par value of $2,682,800 have been issued to Bell workers indicating the commendable extent to which this plan encourages thrift and savings.

COMING :-: EVENTS

A CHILD WELFARE CLINIC for the pre-school child is held each Thursday, from 2 to 4, in the Council Chamber, under the direction of the Victorian Order of Nurses. 46-tf

THE LOCAL LODGES OF ODDfellows will commemorate the one hundred and first anniversary of the founding of the Order, by attending divine services in Trinity Church on Sunday morning next, April 29th.

THE COMMUNITY PLAYERS, OF Napanee, with the full original cast, are producing their popular comedy, "Slickers," in the following places in the near future: Harrowsmith, Wednesday, April 25th; St. Mary's Church, Napanee, April 26th; Enterprise, Friday, April 27th; Parish Hall, Napanee, May 1st; Bath, Ont., May 3rd.



THE vast resources of General Motors made possible the high standards of Pontiac performance and value.

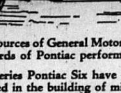
Into the New Series Pontiac Six have gone the results of experience gained in the building of millions of cars . . . of discoveries made in the great General Motors Laboratories . . . of authentic styling and master craftsmanship developed by the General Motors Fisher body builders . . . of the manifold economies in General Motors purchasing and production!

And, back of the New Series Pontiac Six, are millions of miles of relentless testing on the General Motors Proving Grounds.

The performance, the comfort, the quality, the durability of the New Series Pontiac Six are WELL-KNOWN quantities . . . General Motors has *proved* them.

Ask your dealer about the G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan which makes buying easy.

LOVEJOY SHOCK ABSORBERS
NEW FISHER BODIES
NEW SIX CYLINDER HEAD
NEW FUEL PUMP
NEW CRANKCASE VENTILATION
NEW CARBURETOR
NEW DASH GASOLINE GAUGE



FOUR-WHEEL BRAKES
NEW CROSS-FLOW RADIATOR
THERMOSTAT
NEW INSTRUMENT PANEL
NEW CONVENIENT-AL LOCK
NEW STOPLIGHT

The New Series
PONTIAC SIX

P-21-a-28C

ROBT. McFARLAND,
Dealer, - Napanee, Ont.

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

THE COST OF DISCIPLESHIP.

Sunday, April 29.—Mark 10: 17-27; 12:41-44.

Golden Text.—For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. (Matt. 6:21).

The story has been told of a locomotive engineer who was a remarkable Christian man, known and loved for his outspoken faith and consistent life. One night the President of the road was on his train, and there was a wreck. The engineer was mortally injured. The President came forward from the Pullman sleeper, where he had been safe, and leaned over the dying man, who spoke untroubled words of assurance that he was soon to see his Lord.

"Jim," said the railroad President, "I would give all I have in the world to have a faith like yours."

"That's just what it cost me," said Jim, quietly. And the engineer did not look as though he was sorry he had paid the price.

Jim was not only saved, but he knew that he was saved. He was a disciple as well as a believer. His faith was full and unshaken and rejoicing, in the midst of a railroad wreck that was taking his life; and this faith came because he had given the Lord all that he had. He had paid the cost of discipleship; and he received more than he paid.

We are not told whether the rich young ruler who came running to the Lord one day, and kneeled down and asked Him, "Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" ever did what Jim did. Only God knows whether Jim and that rich young ruler are together today in the presence of the Lord.

Christ said to the young man: "Why callest thou Me good? There is none good but one, that is God." Unitarians use this to prove that Christ is not God, and that He did not even claim to have the goodness of God. Such an argument is blind to the other utterances of this same Christ, who asserted His sinlessness when He challenged His enemies: "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" (John 8:46). He equivocally asserted His deity before the high-priest and the Sanhedrim, and declared: "Hereafter shall ye see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of Heaven." (Matt. 26: 64). It was for this "blasphemy" that He was crucified. He declared His eternal pre-existence as one with the Father (John 17: 5.) Therefore His question of the young ruler merely invited that young man to thoughtfulness and a confession of faith.

After the Lord had cited several of the commandments, and the inquirer had answered, doubtless with sincerity, "All these have I observed from my youth," the heart of the matter was touched by Christ's searching diagnosis, command and invitation: "One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven: and come, take up the cross and follow Me"

There is no other way of discipleship. To be a disciple means not only that one believes in Christ as Saviour and is saved, but also that one goes on in full fellowship with the Lord, following Him, learning more of Him day by day through unhindered communion, and walks continually in newness of life (Rom. 6:4). The condition that Christ names is given to the Church in Epistles, in the call to present our bodies a living sacrifice (Rom. 12: 1.)

Taking up the cross does not mean accepting hardships, as is commonly supposed. It means recognizing our own hopeless sinfulness, and the fact that there is no hope for us except as we let God put us to death on the cross of Christ, with Him, that we may experience the fullness of resurrection, spiritual life in Christ. Then we are to live, day by day, remembering by faith that we are crucified with Christ. Thus the Christian's cross is not hardship, but a privilege; it is emancipation from death to the experience of life more abundant. What a tragic mistake the young man made to have been "sad at that saying," as he "went away grieved; for he had great possessions." It was as though a multimillionaire said to a poverty-stricken creature who might have a battered ten-cent piece: "Give up that dime, your tattered clothing, and all that you now have, and I will give you all that I have." Would it be a renunciation for the pauper to make this exchange?

And yet, as the Lord then went on to show His disciples, earthly riches blind men's eyes to just such an exchange. Wealth often makes it so impossible for a man to take Christ as Saviour and Lord and thus enter the Kingdom of God, that only God can overcome this impossibility by reaching in the man with the Gospel. With men it is impossible, but not with God: for with God all things are possible.

The poor widow who cast into the treasury all she had, knew the secret. A rich man was asked to make a contribution to a Christian cause. He drew his cheque for a moderate amount, and said he would "give the widow's mite." He was reminded that he had better not say that unless he intended to give his millions, for she gave "all that she had."

—o—

$3,500,000 Given to Kansas City.

A fund of approximately $3,500,000, to be administered with few restrictions in the public interest of Kansas City, is the bequest of H. W. Loose, of New York, formerly resident of Kansas City. The sum is in addition to funds of $2,500,000 contributed by other members of the Loose family for specified civic, benevolent and charitable purposes. The total, the greater part of which will be immediately available for promotion of the city's well-being, is six million dollars.

One of the gifts of the family to the city has been a park for children.

Hard and soft cut wood for sale. 'Phone 53.

ROBT. LIGHT. 44tf

NATIONAL BROADCASTING CHAIN BEING EXTENDED

Montreal, April 20th.—Toronto will be added to the Eastern chain of broadcasting centres operated by the Radio Department of the Canadian National Railways, the new tie-in becoming effective with the first programme in May. By this addition the eastern chain will include CNRQ, CNRM, CNRO and CNRT Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto respectively. The inclusion of Toronto in the chain will considerably widen he scope of these broadcasts and enable radio reception in certain sections of western Quebec and eastern Ontario now regarded as "blind spots" in-so-far as some of the Canadian stations are concerned.

This hook-up will be entirely by means of Canadian National facilities, the land wire connections between Quebec and Toronto being through channels furnished by the Canadian National Telegraphs.

The telegraph facilities are being continually improved by the extension of the carrier current system and as the latter method is advanced, the radio chain will be lengthened. The present plan calls for the inclusion of CNRW, Winnipeg, with the eastern stations during the Autumn, after which it is hoped to add CNRA, Moncton, to the chain, making a wide sweep across the Dominion. The plans do not end there, but also provide for the inclusion of CJRV, Vancouver, as soon as the carrier current system reaches the Pacific Coast. With Vancouver in the chain a new condition arises, that of the difference in time between Eastern Standard and Pacific Standard, three hours, so that it will not always be convenient to broadcast a coast programme in the east, or in the reverse direction. There is a difference of one hour between cities in the eastern group and Winnipeg, but that does not offer any serious difficulties.

Chain programmes now originate in the studios of the National System at Montreal and Ottawa and as soon as additional equipment is installed at Toronto, the latter city will be called to furnish a share of the entertainment, the cities rotating with programmes. The chain programmes, which begin with the programme of Thursday, May 3, will begin at 7.15 p.m. and continue until midnight and will be offered each Thursday. This plan will add to the value of the present programmes and offer greater diversity of entertainment.

With the inclusion of Toronto in May an additional feature will be added during this month. Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto shelter the largest group of golf enthusiasts in the Dominion and to reach this special audience Albert H. Murray, professional of the Beaconsfield Club, will give four ten minute talks before the microphone. Twice open champion of Canada, a player of undoubted skill, and noted for his sound method of instruction, Mr. Murray's talks should prove invaluable to many of the fraternity whether highly polished or merely plodding.

MUST PUSH GROWTH WITH CANNING CROPS

RAPID MATURITY, QUALITY AND YIELD ARE IMPORTANT FACTORS.

Production of the three staple canning crops—sweet corn, peas and tomatoes—has been the most important farm specialty in Ontario, particularly in those counties bordering on Lake Erie and Lake Ontario. Early reports are indicative of an increased acreage for 1928.

The profitable production of sweet corn and tomatoes in Ontario, where the growing season is considerably shorter than in competing districts to the South, demands that special attention muriate of potash per acre gave maturity, quality and yield. With this in view, growers have in recent years also been attention to the question of fertilizers. They have found through experience that a "well-acting" fertilizer, which stimulates growth in the spring when the soil is cold, is best suited to their particular needs. Nitrate of Soda, which is available as food for the plant as soon as it is dissolved in the soil, gives this essential early stimulus to growth, and, in addition adds to both quality and yield.

Best and Son, well-known growers near Wellington, in Prince Edward County, are effectively applying the Nitrate at the earliest possible moment by dissolving the fertilizer in the water in the tank of the tomato planting machine, so that each plant receives a fertilizer application as it goes into the ground. These growers report that where their neighbors had to replant because of the inroads of the maggot, their tomatoes grew vigorously and one of the best crops that the place ever produced was harvested.

In an experiment carried out by J. E. Baxter of Bloomfield, in the same county, it was found that applications of 400 pounds acid phosphate and 200 pounds to be paid to three factors: rapid the same yield (250 bushels) as the plot which received no fertilizer; but when 200 pounds of nitrate was added to the mixture, the yield was brought up to 325 bushels. In the Strathroy section, where a considerable volume of canning crops are grown, W. D. Ferguson found that an application of 241 pounds of nitrate, 300 pounds acid phosphate and 100 pounds muriate of potash, gave a yield of 5½ tons of sweet corn per acre; the phosphate and potash alone gave 4½ tons, and the unfertilized land yielded only 4 tons. In both of these cases the crops which had nitrate matured earlier, ten days earlier in the case of the sweet corn.

Roll Wrapping in all widths. Cotton Twine in cones.
EXPRESS PRINTING HOUSE

BUTTER IMPORTATIONS DAMAGE CANADIAN DAIRY INDUSTRY

Much has appeared in the Canadian press during the past months, for and against the presentations of the National Dairy Council of Canada to the Government, requesting that regulations be amended so as to prevent importations of butter into Canada, thus damaging our dairy industry and destroying the morale of our dairymen. We herewith give a few facts about the importation of New Zealand butter into Canada that may clear the situation in the minds of those most interested.

The Dairy Industry asks the population of Canada for fair play. If you read these facts and agree with our Council, support our presentations, if you do not agree, it is because you are not completely informed. We should be glad to give you further information.

1. Every one in the Dairy Industry from the farmer to the retail merchant will agree that the large importation of New Zealand butter has lowered the price of butterfat to the Canadian producers.

2. The Dairy Industry, with $250,000,000 per year output is one of the main stays of our Canadian business life.

3. Were the consumers to benefit a few cents per pound on butter, it would be unwise to seriously damage the interest of the producers in this great industry.

4. The market trends show definitely that the effect of importation has lowered the price of butterfat paid the producer without compensation to the consumer.

5. The Dairy Industry is not endeavoring to dictate a selfish policy in this matter, providing its interests are guarded; it is willing to see other industries profit by an enlarged market. The Dairy Industry asks that the Canadian Government expel the Order-in-Council permitting butter coming into Canada from New Zealand at a low rate duty.

6. The Canadian Dairy Industry is on the verge of an expansion that will add greatly to the population and to the production of Canada. At the moment the greatest obstacle to this production is the discord among the dairy interests caused by the New Zealand butter importation. If you have any interest in the development of Canada and Canadian Agriculture, you should back the Dairy Industry in its demand for a chance to live.

7. If you think there is any sense in the argument that the Canadia farmers should be able to still compete with New Zealand butter importation, will you please note that the greatest question in the Dairy World of Australia today is the urging of Australian farmers for additional protection—there is already high protection—unless the importation of butter which New Zealand can produce is cheaper than Australian.

8 This whole question is misunderstood. The Dairy Industry is not talking politics, it is not talking chivalry it is not protesting against the existence of the Australian Treaty. It is asking that the excessive importation of New Zealand butter enter Canada, which is damaging the Dairy Industry, should be stopped, but what members of the Government seems afraid to apply.

If you disagree with this program, write the National Dairy Council and tell why you disagree, we are prepared to show you that this is the truth.

W. F. STEPHEN, Sec.-Treas.,
National Dairy Council of Canada,
Journal Building,
Ottawa Ont.

A FINE EARLY TOMATO

After many years of careful selection a variety of the tomato has been developed that possesses first rate quality and ripens in the open in from 95 to 100 days. The development of this tomato began twenty-eight years ago when the variety Earliana was recognized to possess considerable variation. Mr. W. T. Macoun, the Dominion Horticulturist, taking advantage of these variations started making selections of plants showing early maturity and heavy yield. After several generations had been grown and seed saved from early maturing desirble plants, it was found that this method of selection had so altered the type of the plant and fruit from the original Earliana, that it was decided to call the segregation Alacrity. To growers particularly in northern districts this variety has been a great boon, as it has made it possible for them to grow tomatoes almost as well as those living in more favoured localities. Further improvement is however, still looked for in considerable blocks of plants grown on trial grounds. A record of performance is being kept of each plant, showing the yield of ripe fruit for the first two weeks, months, and total season, besides noting the amount of rough fruit produced. This study of the performance of individual plants reveals the desirable strain to use for further selection work. In addition to this a strain test is conducted to ascertain he segregae of greatest merit by actually growing plants from the selected strain side by side with strains of other varieties.

POOLING EGGS IN ONTARIO

It's a long call back to the days of 10 and 12 cents a dozen for eggs—but not so far to the time when less than 20 cents a dozen was considered a fair price for many months of the year. Credit must be given to the pooling idea for developing a marketing proposition that ensures a price well above 20 cents to the producer, even at the time of year when eggs are most plentiful. In fact, the Pool price has stood above 30 cents a dozen for the past four years.

Will you, too, be surprised?

"It was a delightful surprise" — writes a Toronto subscriber — "to find that I could talk to my Mother as far away as Sarnia for only 55 cts, by the Evening Rate. I'm sure few people realize how very little it costs to telephone even to points as far distant as Sarnia, by the Evening Rate, and you would do the public a service by emphasizing this point."

This is only one of many instances showing that many people do not know how low the Evening Rate on Long Distance is. Call up our Manager and ask him the Evening Rate to some point you are particularly interested in. You, too, will probably be surprised.

THE BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY OF CANADA

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When Ontario's first Egg Pool was opened in 1924 it appealed to those who had eggs to sell—particularly the farmer class—as a possible remedy for the annual slump in prices that came as surely as warm Spring weather brought increased egg production. Regardless of the effect the Pool has had in stabilizing prices generally, it is interesting to note that over a million dozens have gone into the Pools of 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1927, that the payment made by The United Farmers Co-Operative Company, Limited, as the eggs graded, was 20 cents a dozen, and that in addition, final payments were sent ranging from 9 cents to 14 cents a dozen. The total returns to poolers were as follows: In 1924, 31½ on Extras and 29 cents on Firsts; in 1925 and 1926, 32½ cents on Extras and 30 cents on Firsts; in 1927, 34 cents on Extras and 31½ cents on Firsts.

The 1928 Pool is now in operation and will remain open until such time as the management considers it unprofitable to producers to store for Fall or early Winter sale. All eggs tagged for the Pool are sorted and graded as they arrive, only sound Extras and Firsts being placed in cold storage for the Pool. The initial cash payment is 20 cents a dozen on those pooled while prevailing prices are paid for Seconds and Cracked eggs. The system of paying cash as the eggs are shipped, and a further cash payment in the Fall, has been proven to be a boon to local merchants as well as to the farmer.

Where Newspaper Editors will Meet

The Macdonald Hotel in Edmonton has grown in popularity as the meeting place of important conventions during recent years, so it was not surprising, when the members of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association considered the holding of their 1928 annual convention in Western Canada, that their choice should fall upon the Macdonald Hotel at Edmonton, as their meeting place.

The hotel in its name perpetuates the memory of Sir John A. Macdonald who headed a group of far sighted men in the efforts to weld all the provinces of Canada into one united Dominion. It occupies a commanding site on the bank of the Saskatchewan river, and occupies also, a commanding place in the life and in the development of Edmonton, the Capital of the province of Alberta.

All that a great metropolitan hotel has to offer its guests is found beneath the pinnacled and turreted roof of the Macdonald, which is of the high standard of Canadian National Railways hotels in every particular. Its rooms are restful and full of sunlight; its broad rotunda is thronged by out-of-town people and by Edmonton citizens who make this the headquarters for many interests; its convention halls and public rooms are spacious and delightful, and its cuisine and service are of the Canadian National standard which has become so well-known and popular with people travelling through Canada.

After their convention at Edmonton, the weekly newspaper editors will travel to Jasper National Park, Canada's largest and finest game sanctuary.

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The Express Printing House, Napanee.

The Plow Woman

By ELEANOR GATES,
Author of "The Biography of a Prairie Girl."

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Oliver saw the need. "To the ferry," he commanded.

Like one man they bounded headlong across the parade, through the red smoke pouring from barracks and stables and on, only to come short upon a boatless landing, where they crowded upon each other and cursed.

Fraser was half crazed. Oliver took him forcibly in hand. No man of them all, even if not burdened with a gun, could stem the river's current.

"There's one chance yet," he said. "The night herd." He turned to his trumpeter. "Sound the recall and keep a sounding it!"

Again and again the familiar strain rang out. All looked northward to where they knew the herd had been, to where the long curves of the prairie fire were still moving.

But the minutes went, and there was no answering beat of hoofs. Where were the herders? Why did they not obey?

Again, again and again!

Then to the south a reply! Above the spiteful crackling of the tinders buildings, out of the thinning dark, came a clear, eager neigh!

That way the troopers rushed. Gathering at the flagstaff they saw by the light of the burning piles a single horse come galloping toward them from the direction of the stockade. Her dun neck was arched like a charger's. As she swung proudly into an imaginary line the men greeted her with a cheer.

That greeting was echoed. Until now the Indians had been quiet, as quiet as a flock of scurrying grouse. But the river was between them and their enemy, and they felt secure from pursuit. Moreover, what was worth while. They were boisterous with it. Casting caution aside when they heard that cheer, they answered with defiant whoops.

The cheers of the troopers changed to anguished groans. Now, wildly repeating a girl's name, sprang toward the waiting Buckskin. From headquarters came the sobbing of women; the whimpering of frightened children, and then, nearer and nearer, a dull pounding that swelled into the steady plud, plud of unshod hoofs.

Once more a cheer went up. A moment and a cavalcade swept in, riderless cavalcade, with ropes dangling. It was the night herd, the discarded second choice mounts of the regiment's officers, a motley band that had served their country through more than one enlistment, and that, hearing the fa-

Down the bank and into a black, rolly whirl.

miliar summons—some limping, some hobbling—had followed the dun cayuse to answer it.

Now nooses were twisted about the noses of the horses. The troopers mounted. The trumpet sounded the advance.

Again came whoops from across the Missouri. They were farther away than the first.

"Go up—go up to the crossing!" Oliver ordered. "Fraser! Fraser!"

But the buckskin mare, with her master, far in advance of the twenty others, was already plunging down the bank and into a black, rolly whirl.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

FOR all that the way was hard, rough with stones and choked by a tangle of rank growth the three in the coulee made fast progress over the first two miles. Charley led. After him came Maryln, to whom the loathed split in the plain was become a place of refuge. In the rear, covering her sister against possible attack, followed Dallas.

The strain told first on the younger girl. Before three miles had been traveled, as she sank in a shallow pool to wet her lips her strength utterly failed her. She could not rise and pleaded faintly for rest.

"Just a minute, Dallas, please. I can't go. My side hurts."

Dallas helped her through a hindering weave of pond weeds and lilies and laid her upon some marsh grass beyond. Meanwhile Charley stole back a short distance. But the respite was brief, for he returned straightway and twitched at their dresses, when the elder girl lifted the younger to her feet, whispering encouragement.

Once more they pressed forward. The lightning had ceased. With a last grumble and a scatter of drops the clouds were pulling apart. Here and there a few stars shone. These thinned the darkness considerably, and at a point where the coulee shallowed Dallas was able dimly to see the toiling shapes ahead. Marylyn was wavering.

"Spunky little girl!" urged the elder girl. Lifting the rifle to her left shoulder, she came alongside to give the support of an arm.

"Where's the cartridge belt?" she whispered.

"Heavy," panted the other. "Dropped it."

And now despite Dallas' aid Marylyn straggled weakly. Another mile and with scarcely a sigh of warning she sank again exhausted.

"Charley," called Dallas. The Indian joined them. "You take one arm—that's it." She took the other. Thus they proceeded.

Finally Dallas stopped. "Hide, hide," she counseled between breaths, "a dark place"—

Ignoring the advice, the outcast thrust his bow and arrows into her hands, then, squatting before Marylyn, he seized her wrist, drew her, limp and half dead, upon his back and staggered on.

"Hold to Charley, dear," begged Dallas. "He's carrying you pickaback."

The younger girl murmured gratefully and locked her hands beneath the Indian's chin. This left his arms free to part a path through the thickets of burweed and plantain that choked the defile, and for fully a half hour he kept a good jog. But, well worn and hampered as he was, he began then to wabble.

Dallas gave him the weapons and received Marylyn upon her own shoulders. Notwithstanding the long way her vigor remained splendid. And when there came a tendency to lag she fought it stoutly. Not until her limbs refused their service did she drop down.

Under her wild rye made a cool, stiff couch. She reached through it and dug her fingers into the wet earth. Marylyn toppled over back and lay beside her, prone. Charley leaned on an elbow, breathing hard, watching—

"Marylyn 'll be happy," she said. "I know John Lounsbury will enough for that."

She became conscious of thirst. A branch of wild roses shining with raindrops beckoned above her. She bent the flowers to her mouth one by one and sucked their moisture. The gray of the sky was turning to pink. There was a lifting foreglow in the east.

"See, Charley," she said, "there'll be good light to fight in. But—but there's just one charge."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AS each man of the rescuing party splashed out upon the sandy beach before Shanty Town he headed for the open level. There was no waiting for commands, no attempt at order—only the sound of labored breathing, of frantic urging, of the plying of heel and fist.

Crossing the bend the company was strung to a long, bearabbled line. It was slow going. Already the horses had stood hard usage—the detour with Matthews, the return and the severely trying swim. Fraser, given the lead, still kept it, dinging hoarse persuasion into Buckskin's flattened ears.

So far the troopers had kept silent through fear for the girls' safety—fear that the hostages if aware of pursuit would wreak instant death. But now, as their lieutenant advanced to the shack, the men behind, while trying their utmost to gain, sent forward yell upon yell to startle the Indians into dropping their captives and seeking cover.

No whoops replied, but from the doorway, unheard, the voice of a man: "Oliver, Oliver! Here!"

As the line swung up and by in a circle Fraser, swept in hand, was down and pressing forward.

He found Lounsbury seated on the sill, from which he rose unsteadily.

"Lounsbury! Lounsbury!"

"Quick! The coulee! They went that way! Give me a lift!"

His hand was wet. Fraser caught him about the waist.

"Oh, you're wounded!"

"Yes—glancing blow. But I tied it up."

"Lounsbury! Wounded?" It was Oliver.

"To the coulee, captain! Give me a horse!"

The captain turned, shouting orders. The other tried to follow, Fraser supporting him.

"Here, somebody, a horse for Lounsbury"—

A third man dismounted—Jamieson. He put a rope in Fraser's hand.

"Take my horse," he said. "I'll stay. Ride like the devil, Lounsbury, and soak 'em one for me!"

They helped the storekeeper mount. The command had gone. He and Fraser followed.

Half the troopers were traveling the farther brink, half the near. The two caught up with the latter detachment.

Progress was slow. The men were tired from the fire fighting. The horses were all but blown.

Nevertheless not a moment's halt was taken until, after six wearisome miles, the troopers came opposite the cottonwoods where the Indian dead were lashed.

By now the darkness had lifted considerably, and a scout, who was riding the southern side, advised a hunt for tracks.

No tracks were found on the near brink. The horses moved forward again. Oliver and Fraser waiting behind to hear from the opposite side.

All at once as they waited Fraser began peering down into the coulee. "What's that?" he whispered. "What's that? Hark!"

"What?"

Just then came a shout. "No tracks, captain!"

Oliver kicked his boots into his horse's side. "Come on, come on," he said and went hurrying after his men.

"But, captain!"—Fraser was holding back. "There was a cry, I heard"—

"Come on, Fraser." Oliver's horse broke into a trot.

"Captain!"

But this time Oliver called sharply. Behind he heard the cayuse following.

Farther along, however, he turned to address his lieutenant and saw that Buckskin carried no rider.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AND now through the dusk of the coulee the Indians advanced toward the Throat. Single file they came, their leader a stalwart brave who ran unsteadily.

But of a sudden they brought up and retreated, tripping back upon one another over rubble and bowlder and giving out startled oaths. Then they halted, a score of dim, crowding figures.

Beyond the Throat showed a patch of sky, swiftly brightening with the dawn. Against that patch, thrust up by a ragged arm, was a twirling gun.

There was a parley, while the oaths became a jumble of protests, haranguing and threats.

Presently Standing Buffalo could be heard above the rest. "They are only women. Let us take them and be on!"

At this all started forward, but waited. As sudden as before they stopped.

Against the light for a second time a ragged arm had shot up. Now at its top was a silver backed bow.

The Indians were amazed. One of their kind defending the women? They snorted in rage.

As they jostled, stretching this way and that, the arm began slowly to brandish the bow and in a manner to announce that the holder desired single combat.

Standing Buffalo went forward in a bound. "I clear the way," he cried vauntingly to his brothers. To the one before: "Who fears? Come out." He loosened the arrows in his quiver.

The challenger came—a stooping figure in squaw's dress.

The sight of him fairly rooted the young chief. "The Squaw!" His voice was furious.

Instead a great laugh went up. And as though there was no longer a need either to respect or fear the signals of the one who barred their path the whole band charged.

A little to one side of the Squaw a gun spoke—right into their midst. A brave screamed, catching at his thigh. The others wavered and fell back beyond rifle reach, taking him with them.

The stooping figure in squaw's dress signed once more for single combat.

Lame Foot addressed his brothers. "We delay too long," he cautioned. "Standing Buffalo, go forward and slay the skunk and let us hasten."

Standing Buffalo waved his bow aloft. "I do so," he promised. "But you, Medicine Giver, must hold me clean of shame for fighting a squaw." Then, to the outcast, "Come out, coffee cooler, and die!" He halved the distance between him and the Throat.

Squaw Charley approached him watchfully, setting a shaft in place. His face seemed all eyes—eyes burning with a fierce joy. Standing Buffalo fitted an arrow. Both raised their bows.

Behind the chief came cries of derision and execration. Behind the outcast came a voice, clear and steady, "Careful, Charley, careful!"

To and fro the contestants were stealing, noiselessly, on the alert, each striving to get the other in a favorable light.

A minute, another—then Standing Buffalo bent his knees, drew and shot. But the arrow veered a trifle from its intended course.

The Squaw drew. The cord sang. The shaft whistled to its mark.

It drove the chief backward a few paces like a wounded buck. Then stopping himself with effort, he lurched forward again. As he came he raised his bow and sent a second arrow that cut the bushes on the canyon side.

The shaft was his last. His face went suddenly livid, his eyeballs started. Driveling, he clutched at the air, tipped down to his hands, touched, let go his weapon, half rose, pivoted on a heel and slipped in a heap to the stones.

A wordless cry broke from the lips of The Squaw. He sped across the coulee bottom to the side of the dead chief. There he struck the fallen man a blow upon the bare knee, snatched from his head an eagle feather, daubed it across the flowing wound and thrust it, dripping red, into his own hair.

Then, as he had not done in years, he straightened. Then he cast from him the foul rags of his squaw's dress. And in clout and the colors of death he stood forth—a warrior!

"I count a coup—Red Moon!" he cried.

Howls from a watching band that had been struck dumb.

"A coup, I—Red Moon! Come on, you dogs—you that called me dog!

"A coup, I—Red Moon! Come on, you dogs!"

Come on, you squaws that called me squaw! Come on, and a warrior will fight you, one by one!"

Before him more howls and a bluster of Uncapapa. Behind the voice again: "Charley! Charley!"

And now Red Moon leaped back to resume his stand. With his turning the band drew after, sending a shower of arrows.

At the Throat he faced them again.

"Braves!" he laughed mockingly. "Dogs—that fight like dogs—a pack against one!"

Now he shot, swift and unerringly. Here one flattened, there another; a third broke his jaw upon a stone—till from their midst flew the missile of Big Ox, hard driven, straight. Quivering, it buried its deadly point in Red Moon's breast.

Deafening whoops echoed in the narrow canyon, drowning the hoof beats of a nearing horse.

Red Moon answered them. He was swaying to and fro, like a cypress limb in a great wind. He lifted his face to the sky until his crimson scalp feather drooped, flung back his hair and clapped palm to mouth in a warcry.

Then his bow flew from his hand as his arms spread out—spread out as if seeking something upon which to lean. He sank to his knees, chanting the death song of the Sioux.

"Charley, Charley!" It was a wail.

Not his voice, but another's, answered: "Dallas! Where are you?"

The Indians heard the call. Catching up wounded and dead, they fell back.

Dallas, shielded no longer, yet forgetful of danger and self, ran forward to where Red Moon knelt. Even as she reached him he could kneel no longer. He toppled sideways, then straightened upon his back.

But now the band was coming back toward Dallas, on their way to the Throat. Their purpose was thwarted. Before Dallas was reached a man blocked the narrow passage, and two revolvers barking a staccato spread panic among them. They turned to the walls, looking for a place to scale. From there came tramping and shouts, and they saw over them at either side a line of downward pointing guns.

Huddling together in the corner of a complete surround, wounded and unwounded cast aside their bows and flung up their hands in the peace sign.

"Give 'em hell, boys!" screamed a trooper.

But the trumpet interfered.

Close to the Throat was a group that had neither eyes nor ears for the capture. Here was the warrior Red Moon, calm faced, bearing his agony bravely, choking back even a murmur of pain. Over him were Lounsbury and Dallas, bent for a final look and word.

The surgeon was beside them now, hastily examining. The shaft was not in the wound. It had fallen. But the poisoned barb remained. He shook his head.

"No use, John," he whispered and tiptoed away.

Lounsbury leaned farther down. "Charley," he said, "you're going now, old man. Say goodby to us."

The Indian moved one hand feebly. Lounsbury understood. He lifted and shook it gently. "Brave Red Moon," he said.

Dallas could not speak to him, but she, too, shook him gently by the hand.

He settled his head upon Lounsbury's arm as a child might have done. Then he looked up at Dallas. "Friend—friend," he whispered softly, smiled and with the touch of the sun on his upturned face he slept.

CHAPTER XL.

LOUNSBURY was stretched in the hammock on Captain Oliver's gallery, his bandaged head on a pillow, his left arm resting in a sling. Leaping about, almost upon him and imperiling the stout ropes that swung the hammock, were five of the captain's seven.

Twenty-four hours were gone since, having lashed four Indian dead among the branches of three burial trees, troopers, Sioux and rescued had returned to a post that was half in ashes. Now guards tramped the high board walk as before, keeping strict watch of their sulky prisoners; the ramshackle ferryboat, dragged away from the bar that had halted her, was tied up at her landing again; across the upper end of the parade grass blade had replaced the barracks, while farther on teams and scrapers were clearing away smoking ruins and dumping them into the river; squaws were hatching the roofs of the scouts' shanties and hammers were ringing on new structures for Clothespin row. With cool enterprise Brannon was hastening toward recovery.

There was other mending that was less rapid—in the stockade, where one nursed an arrow, another a bullet wound; in the garrison hospital, where Kippla and a comrade stumped about on swathed feet, and on the Oliver gallery, where Lounsbury lay, his face not the usual fullness and a trifle white.

"The idea of you little apes asking for stories," he was saying to his audience, "when such popping good ones are happening right under your nose!"

Felicia was the youngest of the seven. She gave back at him, prancing up and down insistently. "But we don't want stories of things around here," she cried willfully. "We want lords and ladies, and you gim 'em to us."

"Once upon a time," commenced Lounsbury, "in the middle of a gre-a-a-t, wi-i-i-de, fa-a-a-t country"—

"Now," interrupted James, who came next to Felicia. His inflection was rising and suspicious.

"Look here," said the narrator, "don't get it into your precious noddies that this territory's the only fat country under the sun."

"Go on, then, go on!"

"Well, this was such a place—great, wide, flat place. The lord lived there from their midst flew the missile of Big Ox, hard driven, straight. Quivering, it buried its deadly point in Red Moon's breast.

Deafening whoops echoed in the narrow canyon, drowning the hoof beats of a nearing horse.

Red Moon answered them. He was swaying to and fro, like a cypress limb in a great wind. He lifted his face to the sky until his crimson scalp feather drooped, flung back his hair and clapped palm to mouth in a warcry.

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"No use, John," he whispered and tiptoed away.

Lounsbury leaned farther down. "Charley," he said, "you're going now, old man. Say goodby to us."

The Indian moved one hand feebly.

"There's one thing that hurts," she answered. "That it kept you out there watching, and I didn't even go to you—but I—I"—

"You were doing the white thing by that little sister. That makes it all the sweeter."

"She was afraid I'd scold," still through tears.

"You scold!"

"I would. I felt different about soldiers—then."

He took a deep breath. "They're handy to have around," he said.

"She's afraid Mr. Fraser 'll find out what she said about you."

"He won't. He might get a notion she didn't know her own mind yet. He might—well, as Kipple says, "It's bloomin' 'ot 'eaded,' the little beggar."

"She don't know I told you. It'd bother her if"—

"That's between you and me, Dallas." He drew her near.

"Yes."

"Yes, John," promptingly.

"Yes, John."

The morning glory vines on the lattice reached up and out. Brushed by the wind they made a sheltering veil. He drew her closer. He lifted her face to his by a smoothing caress of her hair. He kissed her.

"My dearest! My splendid girl!"

He shook his head roguishly at her. "So wild, she was, with the bit in her teeth. And now—she eats right out of my hand."

Then, roguish no longer, he lifted her two hands, turned them, palms up, and touched them with his lips.

"Ah, dear, there must be no more going it alone. I want to take care of you after this. We won't wait, will we?"

"No."

"Just the minute a minister can be reached?"

"Yes."

"I've a mind to bribe Mike into taking us to Bismarck after breakfast."

"You're too sick." Her face was grave; her eyes watched him anxiously. "All night I thought about you. How I went running off when I heard that shot. Oh, suppose, suppose"—

"I'll be over this in a day. And I know you went because you had to. Don't I know you weren't afraid? Don't I know why you left Marylyn behind at the trees? Dallas—you're a wife for a man out here!"

She colored under his praise.

After a time they walked to the top of the steps.

Across the river at the center of the yellow bend it stood—the squat shack.

"Dear little home!" she said.

"You wouldn't like to leave it. You can go to Bismarck, you know, or east or anywhere."

"I'll stay."

"We'll stay—right over there. Then when the town comes and it gets too populous—if you like and if Marylyn is not in this post—we'll go farther up to open country again."

"We'll take your share of the Clark herd," she said.

"I've got a little little saddle mare for you," he said.

Somebody entered the parlor behind them—two somebodies, hand in hand.

"Dallas," called one meekly.

"Lounsbury," hailed the other.

The storekeeper went in. Dallas with him. "Bless your sweet hearts!" he said when he faced the couple. "Marylyn, you rested? Fraser, you look illstrictly happy."

"I'm not alone," retorted the lieutenant. "I'd hate to describe you this minute, your face beaming through all that flint."

"Save yourself the trouble here before my future wife."

Fraser turned to Marylyn. "Pilew! But we're important! Listen to him!"

"Dallas wants to go back to the ranch. Can a ordinary everyday trooper look after the finest two-year-old and the finest team in Dakota? Not by a long shot! And I'm not going to let her go alone," soberly, "after what's happened. Can't take any more chances."

Fraser sobered too. "Nothing to fear any more," he said. "When Mike's men were getting the boat off down below they found—him."

A moment's silence.

"They think he tried to cross and couldn't. There he was, tangled up in some willows, poor devil."

"That ought to explain some things to the captain," said Lounsbury in a low voice.

"Yes. And it will satisfy the K. O. I'm pretty sure an Oliver's not to be blamed so much for things going wrong when the traitor's practically within the lines. The K. O. himself could have had that fire."

"Well, Dallas," Lounsbury was cheery again. "You and Marylyn own the bend, sure enough."

There was a knock at the door. Then with a great show of backing and roughing young Jamieson appeared.

"Frank," said Lounsbury, "quit your nonsense and tell us about the other side. Did the scout find anything?"

"Yes, he did," answered Jamieson. "And what proves how smart the whole plot was. What do you think?

(Continued on page 6.)

GET IT AT WALLACE'S

Pa's Son-in-Law

PA'S SON-IN-LAW
LIBS
BY WELLINGTON
YEP, I HIRED THAT VENTRILOQUIST FELLA T' THROW HIS VOICE SO AS T' MAKE 'IM SAP SEEM T' CALL MA A SILLY, FAT, OLD FOOL! AND IS MA SORE! OH, BOY!
THE IDEA! THE VERY IDEA OF HIS DARING TO CALL PE A SILLY, FAT, OLD FOOL! OH—IT MAKES ME WILD TO THINK OF IT!
GEE, I DON'T BLAME YA FOR BEIN' SORE, MA! TH SAP OUGHTA BE SHAMED OF HISSELF, CALLIN' YOU ALL THOSE NAMES! WHY—DAWGGONE IT—
—YOU'RE NOT SO VERY OLD!

We can supply you with any height from 3 to 8 feet of this strong, sturdy fence. No boards or top rails necessary. Five times as serviceable as netting. It gives your flock real protection. All styles of Peerless Farm, Poultry or Lawn Fence carried in stock.

WILSON'S HARDWARE
Napanee, Ont.

No Change in the Price
Hair Cut
35c.

FRED S. SCOTT
BARBER and TOBACCONIST
John St.
(One door south of Express Office.)

F. C. MARTIN & SON
FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS
22 Years' Experience
Ambulance Service in Connection
Prompt attention to night or day calls.
Office Telephone No. 74.
Residence Telephone No. 375
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RADIO ANNOUNCEMENT!

We are exclusive agents for DeForest Crossley and Marconi Battery and Batteryless Radios. 'Phone 367 and make an appointment with us for a demonstration.

We carry a complete line of Radio Accessories and Eveready Layerbilt Batteries.

A Wired House is a Cheerful Home

Have your house wired; estimates given free.

We carry a complete line of up-to-date Fixtures, Irons, and Toasters, Curling Tongs, etc.

Premier Duplex Vacuum Cleaner will sweep your rugs, polish your hardwood floors, and dry your hair. The motor and the power driven brush runs in ball bearing, the only vacuum capable of filling so many different needs and filling them right.

Now is the time to install an Electric Water Heater; hot water all summer at a small cost.

Then comes the Thor Washing Machine which for simplicity of operation and a minumum of upkeep the Thor has no equal.

Beach and National Ranges have exclusive features which can't be beaten.

Vacuum Cleaner and Floor Polisher to rent by day, or half day.

One 3-burner Coal Oil Stove for sale cheap—a good buy; also one Coal and Wood Range for sale.

One 5-tube DeForest Crossley Radio Console model, cheap; also several types of Loud Speakers at reduced prices.

We issue Radio Licenses.

Vine's Electric Shop
MARKET SQUARE. 'Phone 367.
Residence 'Phone 112-F

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable Marble or Granite, designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

We will make special designs for you at the lowest possible cost.

Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

Wanted.

Clothes cleaned and pressed. Orders left will receive prompt attention. Satisfaction guaranteed. Bridge Street East.
19-d A. S. HAMILTON.

A Household Necessity.

Sewing Machines. White and Eldrige Rotary. Sews fast and easy running, and stitches faster and better than the old styles. At R. B. ALLEN'S STORE, Napanee, Ont. 21-c

Friday, April 27th.

Dr. Florence Murray, of Hamhung, Korea, one of the most outstanding young missionaries of the United Church W.M.S. will address a mass meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Napanee, on Friday, April 27th, at 3 p.m. People of the town and community are cordially invited to be present, for it is not often a missionary speaker of Dr. Murray's ability is available. 21-b

Napanee Poultry Association.

The last regular meeting of the Napanee Poultry Association before adjourning for the summer, was held in the Agriculture Hall, on Monday, 16th April. Reports from the various committees were received, arrangements are under way for the completion of the prize list at the Poultry Show, 200 Standard Steel Coops have been purchased and everything indicates that this year's poultry show will be the largest ever held in Lennox and Addington. Business being finished, Mr. E. P. Montgomery, Kingston, addressed the meeting on "Standards for Canadian Eggs." Mr. Montgomery, in his pleasant and entertaining way, gave his hearers the government's interpretation of the revised regulations. While the poultry men of Lennox and Addington are strong supporters of the Egg Grading Act, there are in their opinion, many objectionable clauses that require revision. While protection is given to the consumer and cold storage man, the whole cost is at the expense of the farmer and poultry man, however, the speaker ably handled his subject and while perhaps his sympathy is with the poultry man, he could only give the regulations as laid down.

A hearty vote of thanks was carried to Mr. Montgomery for the able and pleasant manner in which he gave his interesting and instructive address.

Stop the Losses of your Baby Chicks

Buckeye
coal-burning brooders

Don't let your baby chicks die. Don't let them get chilled to death, smothered to death, crowded or overheated. Every chick you lose is money right out of your pocket.

Buckeye Colony Brooders have proved their ability to prevent these losses. They have saved money for a quarter-million poultry-raisers. They have proved their chick-raising ability for twelve years.

Come to our store today and let us tell you how you can stop your losses and make more money from your poultry with Buckeye Brooders.

Buckeye oil-burning brooders

M. B. MILLS CO.,
Napanee, Ont.

GRACE UNITED CHURCH

REV. W. P. WOODGER, B.A., Minister.

9.30—Class meeting.
10.30 a.m.—Public Worship. Sermon, "A Lesson From the Potter's House."
11.45 a.m.—Sunday School and Adult Classes.
7.00—Evening worship.
Sermon, "A New Kind of Charity."
Monday 7.30 p.m.—Young People's League.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—Bible Study and Prayer Meeting.

Visitors cordially invited to all services.

Notice.

All accounts payable to Dr. Leslie Lewis will be received at Paul's Bookstore, until further notice. Dr. Lewis expects to secure temporary premises in a few days, and will advise his many friends and clients of his new location as soon as possible. 22-a

Notice to Auto Drivers.

Do you know that you are liable to get into trouble if you park your car near a fire hydrant? On two different occasions this year when the firemen have been answering alarms they have been handicapped by autos being parked near a hydrant. No complaint has been made, but the next time the offenders' license number will be handed to the police.

The Russian Revolution.

One of the greatest conundrums presented to modern historians is the apparent success of the Russian Revolution if its survival of so long a period can be termed a success. For some time the Historical Society has been looking for a lecturer to deal with this subject and are glad to announce that on Friday evening, May 4th, Professor McArthur of Queen's University, will present the result of a careful study of the question. His reputation for thoroughness is a sufficient guarantee that his address will be a most interesting one. No admission is charged. Bear in mind the date May 4th. All are welcome.

Dangerous Siding to be Abandoned.

Dockrill siding, scene of the disastrous train wreck on the Canadian Pacific Railway early this winter, is to be abandoned. This information was obtained from a C.P.R. official. It will be recalled that at this point a few months ago and eastbound freight train ran over the west end switch and piled into the first section of the Canadian, fast Montreal-Chicago flyer. Now the siding is to be ripped up. Ever since the wreck the company has kept the siding filled with box cars so that no other train would ever be able to take the track there; so that no operator would ever be able to assign a train that treacherous passing track. It was also learned that this section is to be double-tracked within a few years, thus giving the Canadian Pacific complete double track between Toronto and Montreal.

Damaged by Fire.

About ten-thirty o'clock on Saturday evening fire was discovered in the store occupied by Dr. Leslie Lewis, optician. An alarm was rung in and the firemen arrived promptly and after a stubborn fight, being badly handicapped by dense smoke, succeeded in putting the fire out with but small damage to the building. The fire apparently originated on the office desk used by Dr. Lewis, and following the wall upward, ate its way into the flooring on the second floor, and then began to spread east and west over the stores occupied by the Hydro Electric Commission and The Haines Shoe House. The store occupied by Dr. Lewis was the one most damaged by the fire, but the boot and shoe stock of the Haines Shoe House was badly destroyed by water. The Hydro office was also somewhat damaged by water

Reduce the Fire Fiend's Yearly Harvest
NOT fire—but the CARELESSNESS which fails to quench it when its useful purpose has been served, is the ENEMY to mankind. He who by neglect causes fire in the forest may well expect the same treatment as would be accorded to one who tossed a match into a neighbour's haystack.
Issued by Authority of Charles Stewart Minister of the Interior
14
STAMP OUT CARELESSNESS

BAY CIRCUIT

Rev. R. J. Merriam, Pastor

Hay Bay Church: Sunday School 10 a.m.; Public Worship, 11 a.m.

Bethany Church: Sunday School 1.30 p.m.; Public Worship 2.30 p.m.

Anderson Church: Public Worship 7.30 p.m.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Rev. R. J. Dumbrille, Vicar.

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church

10.30 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00 p.m.—Evensong.

Mrs. (Dr.) Chas. E. Wilson Dies at Toronto.

Maude Hadden, wife of Dr. Charles E. Wilson, died at Toronto on Wednesday last. Mrs. Wilson had only been ill a few days with an attack of pleurisy, which developed into pneumonia. Mrs. Wilson was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hadden of Picton. Besides her husband, she leaves one sister, Mrs. (Dr. Philip, and one brother, Mr. C. E. Hadden, both of Picton. The remains were taken to Picton for interment in Glenwood. Services were held at the home of Mr. C. E. Hadden, Ferguson street, Picton, on Friday, at 3 p.m. The many friends of Dr. Wilson, of Napanee will learn with regret of the passing of his beloved wife, and extend to him their heartfelt sympathy.

St. Mary Magdalene Church.

On Sunday last the Lord Bishop of Ontario administered the apostolic right of confirmation to eighteen candidates in the Church of St. Mary Magdalene. The Bishop also dedicated two memorial books, one presented by Miss Jennie Coates in memory of her father, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Harold Herrington, of Kingston, in memory of the late Mrs. W. S. Herrington. The Bishop preached an eloquent sermon on "The Witness of The Church to Christ at Home and Abroad." The choir, under the management of Mr. C. Waite, Organist, rendered the confirmation hymns and a beautiful anthem most acceptably. The church was filled with an attentive and interested congregation.

On Tuesday evening, at 8 p.m., the annual vestry meeting will be held and a social evening of the congregation spent immediately afterwards.

On Thursday evening, at 8 p.m., a comedy entitled "Slickers" will be presented in the Sunday school room by a talented local troupe, under the management of Mrs. Katherine Powell. Proceeds for the choir fund.

BATH.

His Lordship the Bishop of Ontario, held confirmation in St. John's church on Sunday. The beautiful new church was filled to capacity at the morning service. In the evening at the United Church, Miss Edith Osborne rendered in excellent voice, Dr. Matheson's beautiful hymn, "O Love that Wilt not Let me Go."

Rev. G. E. Ross is attending the session of Presbytery at Belleville this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Whittaker have returned to town and are staying at the home of Amos Barriage.

Miss Johnston of Napanee South, is spending a few days with the Misses Davy at "Fairview."

Ex-Reeve J. C. Creighton, who has been on the sick list for some time, is able to be about again.

A little girl has come to the home of Arthur Calver and also one for Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Hawley.

The village council has taken steps to prevent the spread of rabies by passing a by-law compelling all dogs to be chained up or detained until such time as the ban can be lifted.

The Steamer Brockville made her first trip for the season on Saturday.

TRINITY UNITED CHURCH

Rev. Harry Pawson, Minister.

10.30 a.m.—Public Worship.
11.45—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Monday, 7.30 p.m.—Young People's Society.

Dogs Cannot be Taken out in Automobiles.

Some misunderstanding appears to exist regarding the true interpretation of the present quarantine by-law which affects the dogs in the Napanee, and as a result of this misunderstanding some few dog owners, who are also owners of automobiles, are putting themselves in a position where they are liable to the penalty of a fine and also liable to have their dogs destroyed. These dog owners are, apparently, of the opinion that they are within the letter of the regulation if they take their dogs out in an automobile, the animal being secured by a leash. The by-law which governs the quarantine, however, states very distinctly that all dogs must be confined and isolated on the premises of the owner, and it is by no stretch of the imagination that a dog in an automobile can be described as being on the premises of the owner.

WILTON.

The April meeting of the W. W. I. was held in the Grange Hall, Wilton, on Tuesday evening, April 17. As the Ernestown ladies had promised to be with us this made an evening meeting and the gentlemen were invited, there being about 80 present. The president in the chair, the meeting opened with the Ode, after which Rev. Mr. Moffett led in prayer. The roll was then called and the minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

Mr. Moffett, in well chosen words gave an address, in behalf of the Institute, very suitable for the occasion, and concluded by asking Mrs. Storms and Miss Dorothy each to accept a small gift—not for their value, but to show our appreciation of their good work, and our regret at their departure. Mrs. Byron Rattan then presented Mrs. Storms with an electric iron and Miss Dorothy Neilson with a lady's colored fancy umbrella. Dorothy in a few words replied and thanked one and all in behalf of her mother and herself. Mrs. Storms and daughter expect to leave soon for their new home in Walkerville.

Misses Ethel and Helen Babcock sang very sweetly, two duets. The next feature was a "Mock Trial," given by six Ernesttown ladies. This was well rendered and very amusing. Miss Eleanor Emberly then favored us with a musical selection.

Mrs. Fred Hamm, of Ernesttown, who had so kindly come to give us her talk on "Her Trip to Japan," was the next called. Mrs. Hamm entertained us for nearly an hour, and we could very clearly follow her on her trip, in our imagination. Her talk was very interesting as well as educative. After this, we had about 90 slides on "Japan." These were very illustrative and filled us well with Mrs. Hamm's talk. At the close of the program, Mrs. W. C. Snider moved a vote of thanks to all, who so kindly helped to make this meeting a decided success. Refreshments were then served and the meeting closed with "God Save the King."

The May meeting will be held on the afternoon of the second Tuesday in May. At this meeting the election of officers for the coming year, will take place.

A MEAT DIET.

Attempt to Find Effect of Food on the Temper.

A diet high in protein or meat increases the activity of laboratory rats, but makes them easily frightened. These are some of the results of an attempt to find the effect of food on the temper made by Prof. Emil Abderhalden of the University of Halle, who has been making determinations of the psychological behavior of rats fed on different diets.

One series of rats was fed on a diet high in protein and poor in carbohydrates, while a control series of similar rats was fed on a more usual diet, with abundance of carbohydrates.

It was found that the variation of the diet had a striking effect on the behavior. The rats which received the carbohydrate and a great deal of protein showed distinctly abnormal characteristics. They were much more active and were more resistant to the effects of alcohol. Together with these more or less desirable changes was a decidedly undesirable one, namely, increased susceptibility to fright.

Whether human beings are affected in the same way has yet to be determined.

Malagash Salt Deposits.

Information from Halifax, N.S., indicates that the Malagash salt deposits contain approximately 60,000,000 tons of perfectly pure salt, while it is also estimated that there are 300,000,000 tons of salt of a lower grade that by the simple process of dissolving and evaporating can be transformed into millions of tons of high grade salt.

Fast Birds.

There are several species of birds that can travel much faster than any airplane. The fastest is the "frigate bird," which has its home in the tropics. This bird is remarkable for its long wings, and is said to be capable of flying 300 miles an hour.

Created a Favorable Trade Balance.

Forest products were responsible during the past year for creating a favorable trade balance of some $204,000,000.

Wall Finishes.

Muresco for your walls and ceilings, also Alabastine, a satisfactory cold water finish.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

ASSURANCE

THOSE who employ us have the assurance that they will receive the highest degree of service and satisfaction. We are equipped to handle a commission in a thorough manner. Our services are dependable and polite.

MASTERS & TIERNEY
LIMITED
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

To convince his friends of the size of trees in the part of America to which he had migrated, a man decided to convert the butt of one of these giants into a travelling house mounted on wheels, and take it back with him to show them.

For this purpose he obtained a 9 by 16-foot log. First he bored a 2-inch hole through the centre, which he burnt out to four feet. Then, with an electric buzz-saw and adzes, instruments like axes, he completed the job of hollowing the log.

Eventually the interior was transformed into a two-roomed house, wired for electricity, and having an oil stove for cooking, two beds, a breakfast nook, cupboard, and wardrobe. Finally this curious but comfortable home was mounted on a motor-car chassis and taken on a tour for all his sceptical friends to see.

Synthetic Wood.

The day may come when junk dealers will be collecting sawdust, old boards, broken furniture, leaves and twigs to be re-manufactured into a new lumber, according to scientists of the New York State College of Forestry. This material it is stated, is being changed by newly-discovered processes into boards, beams, mouldings and forms in which wood has never before been used.

This synthetic wood bears a close resemblance to pasteboard. Its texture is much finer than wood, and for many purposes, especially interior construction, it is said to be more serviceable than the natural product. A product made from hardwood waste is now being used in automobile bodies.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

A number of distinguished players are included in the cast of Colleen Moore's new First National starring picture, "HER WILD OAT."

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"HIGH SCHOOL HERO," Fox Films comedy drama of youth picturing the romances and adventures of boys and girls of a modern high school.

Also a two reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY
ONE SHOW ONLY AT 8 O'CLOCK

Annie Laurie, beloved to the world for centuries in song and story, has come to life again—on the screen. This is the latest role of Lillian Gish, queen of romantic drama, who enacts the historic Scottish heroine in her latest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer vehicle "ANNIE LAURIE."

Also a special comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop
Napanee's Leading Theatre
The Home of Good Photo Plays.

Choice Flower
—and—
Vegetable Seeds

We have in stock a full line of SEEDS, ROOTS and BULBS. Will also take orders for any kind of field seeds wanted.

Cut Flowers
Wedding and Funeral Designs

M. L. ALLINGHAM
Market Square.
Next to Paisley House.

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ROYAL YEAST CAKES Make Wonderful Home Made Bread

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MODERN ZULU WOMEN

Arrested for Wearing Insufficient Clothes, Husband Claimed Wife Wore as Much as Mistress.

Native women of South Africa have adopted the styles of their white sisters to such an extent that one Zulu husband found himself in the police court at Pietermaritzburg for allowing his wife to go about insufficiently clad.

This was one of the interesting features of life in Natal given to the Toronto Star by Miss Marjory Pope-Ellis, who was a guest of Miss Marshall Saunders, author of "Beautiful Joe."

Arraigned before the police magistrate, the wily Zulu told the court that his wife had on as many clothes as the white women of the colony. The case was dismissed.

Miss Pope-Ellis found Canadiana delightful people, but remarkably ignorant of South African life.

"You all seem to know so much about Australia and New Zealand and and so little about South Africa," She said she had been taken to see some Canadian Indians and had been pitifully disappointed. "You see I expected to see them living their old-time lives like our natives in South Africa and it seemed terrible to see them in the awful clothes they wear."

Natives of her own country had to be dressed from neck to knee to go into the towns and cities, she explained, but in the country they wear just what they have always worn, a few beads and a bit of cloth. They do not in the least appear naked, she said.

Miss Pope-Ellis is a third generation South African, and was born in a tract of 8,000 acres and it is now operated by her mother with the help of her brother and herself. "I have had people sympathize with me for having to live in such a terrible country as Africa. That is why I think it so strange that people do not know anything much of our land. They seem to think of it as a barren forbidden country. As a matter of fact it is a land of rich rolling hills and wonderful beauty. Few people know that Natal is called the Garden Colony. I was surprised in California to find that so many of the trees and plants and things of that kind are our natives transplanted there. They argued with me that some of them were natives of the country but I was not going to have them pinching my flowers that way and one lady after a visit to an authority came back and admitted that the stock of several of their varieties had come first from Natal."

On the great estate run by her family the labor is all native and the women do the greater part of the work. Their strength and straight, stately carriage is very remarkable according to our visitor. "They carry huge loads on their heads," she explains. "I have seen them walk off with ease with a burden that it took two men to hoist on to their heads. They will carry loads like this for several miles."

Over this little kingdom, much greater than several independent European principalities, Mrs. Pope-Ellis rules with an absolute, benign hand. She holds her "inabas" and the people come from all over the estate to air their troubles and have everything settled from working conditions to their marital troubles.

A MAGIC "DYE."

Method of Dyeing Hitherto Believed Impossible.

After seven years of patient research, a man in Melbourne has discovered a method of dyeing hitherto believed impossible. He is Mr. G. P. Lloyd, and his system is to dye "down" instead of "up," reducing heavy colors to light, thus reversing the usual process. This Australian, who is not a chemist, may revolutionize the dyeing industry, and enable the Empire to compete on favorable terms with Continental rivals.

In his remarkable demonstration, an amber liquid was poured into a vat containing water, and into this were immersed brown fabrics, black cashmere stockings, blue silk, and maroon lace of the finest texture. When steam pressure had been applied for ten minutes, the brown material was pink, the black stockings mauve, the blue silk had become emerald green, and the maroon lace was pure cream. These color transformations were obtained without the slightest damage to the articles subjected to the process, says an Old Country paper.

A further experiment changed delicate lace from black to pink, and in multicolored material any particular tint may be altered or eliminated at will.

ON INDIA'S FRONTIERS

NATIVES LIKE NEW TYPE OF SOLDIERS.

Strenuous Effort and the Simple Life Have Worked Wonders With These Well-Disciplined Lads — Mighty Dull Job for Tommy Atkins.

Soldiering on the northwest frontier of India is a mighty dull job according to an article in the London Daily Mail, by Sir Percival Phillips but he adds it is producing as fine a type of soldier as the British army has even seen.

The "Old Contemptibles" would be justly proud of their successors in the field. Hard as nails, clear-eyed keen, and well disciplined, they are a credit to the regiments they serve in this savage border country, where hillmen still look on war as the meat and drink of every-day life. Strenuous effort and the simple life have worked wonder with the raw material from the Old Country. Any martinet of a battalion commander would be proud of them.

And yet Tommy Atkins pays what he considers a high price for soldierly fitness. He hates the frontier. You cannot blame him. Cut off from most of the simple pleasures of which he is accustomed, hemmed in by high bleak hills, behind which are strange, unfriendly people, without a patch of green to lighten the wastes of rock and with even his supply of water become a valuable possession, he cannot be censured for looking with profound distaste on his surroundings.

Even Peshawar is merely tolerated. There the new soldier is comparatively in touch with civilization. He can walk the shady roads of the cantonment when off duty; there are native shops in which he can purchase home magazines and souvenirs; and playing fields for the encouragement of all sport. There are even nursemaids. Atkins may "walk out" if he feels that way—provided he is one of the lucky ones, for obviously there are far more K.O.L.L.'s than the supply of nursemaids can content.

Peshawar, however, is a poor substitute for such cheerful depots as Lucknow or Lahore. The troops must circulate behind barbed wire. They cannot make excursions into the surrounding country, even if they so desired. Nor can they go into the native city, one of the most picturesque in all India, except by special arrangement. In the matter of cinemas, too, the entertainment fare falls short of requirements. "A

The Plow Woman

(Continued from page 3.)

Well, just above where you met that Indian they found an outfit—black blanket and a ragged skirt"—

A quiet fell. Dallas turned away to the windows. Lounsbury followed her, comforting.

Presently he returned, clearing his voice. "They copied Charley's clothes,"

He lifted her two hands.

he said. "I guessed that. As the Indian came up to me I spoke. But when he answered I knew—just a second too late. He gave me a terrible lick, but I caught it on my arm and came back with the gun. Don't know how I ever reached the shack."

"Mr. Lo peeled in the grove and scampered," said Fraser.

"We saw him," said Marylyn, "and I ran."

"He's the only red that got free."

"But, all the same, I plugged him," declared Lounsbury. "And I'll bet he's packing a pound of buckshot. Who was it, do you know?"

"Canada John."

Again the door opened and Oliver appeared. He closed the door and waited, his hand on the knob.

Jamieson stepped forward. "Captain," he said, with mock injury, "these people"—he indicated the others—"do not mark the flight of the minutes. I don't wonder—it's natural. But I, sir, I, having been asked to breakfast by Mrs. Oliver, do. Is—is breakfast ready?"

"Breakfast is ready," Oliver answered. His voice was unsteady.

"Thank goodness for that!"

There was the sound of a faint cheer outside. Then some one went rushing up the plank walk before the house. The captain closed the windows.

"We shall give thanks for many things today," he said significantly.

Fraser started, and his eyelids fluttered—but his face strove to control.

"What's all that outside?" It was Marylyn innocently.

But Oliver gave a quick sign, pulling nervously at his mustache.

"Frank," he began, "as a friend is coming home to us this morning."

"A-a-ah!" It was near a groan.

"Wait—wait," firmly. "Give yourself a moment to guess. But—guess something good."

Jamieson moved like a man in pain. "You mean—you mean"—he whispered. "Oh, captain, I've waited and waited."

"Bravely—we all know that. And there's reward for you."

Behind Jamieson the others were leaning forward, hopeful, fearful, in a fever of emotions.

The cheering outside had grown. More people were running up the walk—children, men, bareheaded women.

"Jamieson," said the captain, "you'll be very calm?"

Jamieson relaxed, faltering forward. "I'll try! I'll try!" he promised.

Lounsbury caught him. "Tell him, Oliver," he begged.

The captain turned the knob, took Jamieson by a wrist and led him out through the entry.

On the gallery was a second group. It whispered. It laughed. It cried. It looked north to where the road came down from the landing.

"Easy now, easy," cautioned Oliver. He patted Jamieson, led him down the steps and faced him up the line.

"There, dry dear boy," he said.

On the outer edge of the parade ground the men of B troop were surrounding some travelers, cups in air. With their cheers mingled wild shouts. And one of them was singing the lines of a song fervent, loud and martial:

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!"

For a moment, as one who questions his own sight and hearing, Jamieson gazed before him. Then he flung up his arms and sprang forward with a great cry:

"Mother, mother! Alice!"

Down the line they had taken up the singing. And to it, the troopers dividing, the travelers came into full view.

There was a wagon with red wheels, a green box and drawn by a milk white horse. On its seat were two women, who clung to each other as they looked about. Above them a cross of rude boards stood straight up into the sunlight of the morning. And beside the cross, driving, sat a man—an aged man, white haired, priestly, patriarchal.

CHAPTER XII.

THE parlor at Captain Oliver's was a homelike place. The black tarred paper that bordered its walls was fairly hidden from sight by selected illustrations cut out of leading weeklies, these illustrations being arranged with a nice eye to convenience, right side up, the small sized pictures low down, the larger ones higher.

Tonight the parlor was more homelike than usual—and festive, for a family party filled it. Here was the hostess, carrying a huge iced cake and taking account of the seven's behavior; the seven themselves, eager, though somewhat hot repressed, and doing full justice to their portions; their father, thankful as he passed the coffee, that so much good had come out of some misfortune; Frank Jamieson, mother and sister on either arm; Marylyn Lancaster, looking dimpled consciousness; close upon her every move a certain young lieutenant, who cast longing glances toward the half lighted gallery; the surgeon, ungratefully relegated to a corner, but solacing himself in his cup; David Bond, his wrinkled old face a benediction, and, lastly, Dallas and John.

Lounsbury was his former self, save for the plaster strips that had supplanted the bandages. Everywhere at once, he put the grip of two men into his well arm, smiling upon all like the very genius of happiness.

And Dallas—Mrs. Oliver had offered to sew her a plain white dress for the occasion, but she had chosen—since her John must of necessity come in his wonted attire—to appear in the simple frock she had worn the night they met in the swale. Above it her hair was braided and coiled upon her head like a crown. Her cheeks were a glowing red. Her eyes shone.

All was bedlam. Tongues clattered. Cups rattled. Laughter rose and fell. The seven, having no chairs, sat in a ring under the leadership of Felicia and kicked their heels on the floor.

Then—interrupting—a knock, loud, peremptory.

The company stilled. Jamieson opened.

There stood a jolly figure—the settler's—apple round head and all.

"Well, Blakely?" asked the captain.

Blakely hung his weight on a foot and, coughing behind his plump hand, bobbed his answer, "Steam's up, sir."

Lounsbury and the center of the floor. He kept it, reaching out to bring Dallas beside him. They stood while the others crowded up to give them well wishes.

Last of all came David Bond. "My daughter, my son," he said, "God bless you!"

Lounsbury slipped Dallas' hand into his arm. Then the door opened for them and they went out—together.

"John is a good man," said the evangelist, "and will make a good husband." He was seated with Fraser on the gallery watching a light in midstream dance its way through the dark.

Fraser sighed happily. "She's a dear girl," he murmured, looking back to where the lamp was moving about in Oliver's spare room. "She'd make a wife for a prince."

Presently he roused himself with another sigh. "You ought to see the way we fixed up the shack," he said. "White kick up curtains on the windows—that was Mrs. Oliver's idea; rose berries all over the mantel—Marylyn did that; I stuffed the fireplace full of sumac; then Michael sprinkled and swept out, and we covered the floor with Navajo blankets."

"Little place looked cozy."

"Cozy as could be."

A little while, and Fraser sprang up. "They're there!" he cried. "See, see! They're home!"

Far away on the bend the eyes of the shack were bright.

"And you, Mr. Fraser?" asked the evangelist.

"Marylyn and I will wait for the colonel. Won't be long now. Shall you be here?"

"I think not. The Indians go to Standing Rock next week. I go with them."

"Poor Charley!" said Fraser huskily. "He won't go, poor old chap!"

"Hardly poor, Mr. Fraser." There was a triumphant ring in David Bond's voice. "Few men gain as much as he by death."

"I know. Even the captain's proud of him now."

They fell silent.

Now from the tent rows that replaced the barracks rang out the trumpet, sounding the day's last call. The two turned their heads to listen.

The call ended. The faint, wavering notes of the echo died away upon river and bluff.

They turned back to the shack again and saw its light go flickering out.

THE END.

No Hope for Germs!

No germs can resist the new liquid germicide known as S.T. 37, which destroys bacteria so quickly that it is impossible to measure accurately the time in which the reaction occurs. S.T. 37 possesses seventy times the germ-killing power of pure carbolic acid.

The selective capacity of the new germicide enables even the most resistant bacteria to be killed in fifteen seconds without injuring the most delicate tissues. Hexylresorcinol, a synthetic chemical harmless to man, is responsible for this extraordinary germicidal power, and it is hoped to find a means of "harnessing" the new compound so that it can be put to use as a general antiseptic.

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A Romance Of Drussenland

By Percy Brebner

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CHAPTER I.

THE sun dropped behind the snow capped mountains to the westward as at the sum mit of the road I came upon the village of Brayle.

I shifted my knapsack from my shoulder and, leaning upon my staff, stood contemplating one of the most glorious panoramas my eyes had ever rested upon. Behind me to the north, stretching far eastward and westward, the great mountain range lifted its frowning tops to heaven, and to the south and southwest, from whence I had come, the world fell down toward verdure and cultivation and lands watered by streams, which grew slowly and joined together into a river far away toward the horizon.

As evening came rapidly over the lower lands and a chill wind struck the mountain road I entered the village and went toward a long, low building which seemed likely to afford a resting place for the night. Four men were sitting at a rough table smoking and drinking. They were in eager if not an angry conversation, but stopped as I entered and looked at me in surprise. One of them seemed delighted at my advent, for he cried out excitedly:

"The proof! The proof! Look! Here is one of them!"

Another man, whom I rightly took to be the proprietor of the establishment, growled savagely at him to be silent and then rose and saluted me.

"You are a traveler, just an ordinary traveler?"

"Yes; oh, yes," I answered.

There was something in his tone which had the effect of taking the smelt out of one. I have never considered myself quite an ordinary traveler.

"You see, Mustapha!" he said in triumph.

The man addressed looked at me fixedly, but did not speak. He had sprung loosely from his seat at my entrance.

"I want to stay here tonight," I went on. "Tomorrow I may go farther, or the next day, or it may be next week. It all depends what I find to interest me. There is a fine waterfall near Brayle, I have heard."

"Is it only for this you have come?" asked Mustapha, with some contempt.

"Yes," I answered, throwing down my knapsack and spreading out my hands to the blaze. "What else should have come for?"

The disappointment in the man's face was quite comical, and his companions burst out laughing.

"Take no notice of what he says," laughed the landlord. "Mustapha is a dreamer. He sees armies along the mountain tops when others see only snow. He hears the ring of steel in every tinkling goat bell and the shout of war in the bark of every dog. A wonderful dreamer is Mustapha."

"I said nothing of armies; I said armed men," the dreamer returned sullenly.

"I am not armed," I observed.

"Many of the men I have seen are not armed," he returned, "but they are no ordinary travelers. They all go the same way—yonder."

His attitude was unconsciously dramatic as he stretched out his arm, pointing toward the mountains to the north.

"Where is yonder?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than because I wanted to know.

"I only know the legend which everybody knows and which everybody laughs at, but I am wiser than every body, because I don't laugh."

A roar of merriment greeted this assertion. I could not help joining in it.

"Let me eat first, and then we'll have the story." The story will wait and my hunger is too ripe to keep."

Of necessity in this history I must talk of myself. I am the hero of it and he's a poor hero indeed who isn't worth talking about. I was a wanderer by inclination, not of necessity, and, although not actually seeking adventure, I was not unwilling to enjoy some mild form of entertainment should one come my way, but I little thought the strange entertainment which was before me. Few people even of those who interested will believe the story I tell will set of me, as was said of Mustapha. "He is a story of dreams." To those I can honestly say that, although sometimes doubt the history myself had I not always before me one incontestable proof of the truth of it. For my personal appearance I stand over six feet, am broad shouldered and athletic, have fair hair and am clean shaven, and I believe there are less well favored men in the world than myself.

Brayle lies, if indeed there is still a village there, at the foot of one of the southern spurs of the great Caucasian range. It is an out of the way place which probably few tourists have discovered. It is enough to say that, while the slopes of the western range are clad in verdure, the central range, as it may be called, is arid, rocky and desolate. Of comparatively uniform height, the mountain tops rise majestically into the region of perpetual snow. There are, practically speaking, no passes, only here and there a goat track, dizzy enough to contemplate, of a mountaineer's zigzag path which leads nowhere in particular, and in the neighborhood of Brayle sheer rock rises perpendicularly from the mountain road which runs through the village. So to my story.

Supper finished and a brier pipe set going, I suggested another log on the fire, more wine—it was very thin wine and harmless—and Mustapha's tale. The man had drunk at my expense or I do not think he would have told the legend.

"It's little I know," he said. "Every one knows nearly as much, only they do not believe. Long ago, long before Brayle existed, somewhere near here there was a pass from this side of the mountains to a country beyond. There was constant intercourse between the people on this side of the mountains and that country, whose inhabitants, though different, were friendly. The men were strong and warlike and the women more than beautiful, far superior to ours, it is said, and the wealth of the country was enormous. In the king's treasury were stored gold and silver and precious stones, greater wealth than man could name. It was a pleasant country, too, warm and sunny, for the great mountains shut it in and sheltered it. They were a strong people and therefore dwelt in safety, a contented people and therefore happy. A day came when the pass was no more. It was a year of fierce storms, such as had not been known until that time nor have been since. Mountains split asunder and changed their shapes, and when the storms were over the pass was gone. The mountain walls of it had split and fallen in, shutting that fair land out of the world forever."

"The legend improves with every telling," said the landlord.

"And it's all a lie," said one of the other men contemptuously. "I've been lost a day and a night upon the mountains and know every inch of them that is to be known. It's all a tale, Mustapha is a stupid dreamer."

Mustapha watched me. My criticism was the only one he cared about. His companions' jeers he had heard often enough before.

"I thought it all a tale once," he said when I made no comment. "I know better now. There was until lately a wise woman in Brayle, and she told me that, though the pass was destroyed, there remained a secret entrance to this fair country through the mountains and that she had seen armed men going there. I did not believe it, and I laughed, but now I laugh no more. I have seen these strange men more than once."

"Where?" I asked.

"On the road you will take tomorrow if you travel to the east. I will show you the place."

"Very well; you shall show me tomorrow. We will start early, Mustapha," I said as I prepared to go to rest for the night.

"I shall wake at dawn," he answered.

"And you will return?" asked the landlord.

"We shall be back before sunset, ready for an excellent supper," I answered.

Back before sunset! I little knew how many sunsets would sink into night before I saw Brayle again.

It was a brilliant but cold morning when we entered the new country. On the way I chatted with Mustapha. Frequently I asked him about various places of which he had told me. I questioned him about the legend and of the strange men he had seen. He showed me the fall which he had previously described, where he had hid and where he had had adventures. We came to rough places, sharp turns and yawning precipices. Sometimes I had to crawl, and often I grew dizzy and sick. We reached what looked like a platform. Suddenly I heard Mustapha shriek. He tried to retrace his steps and failed. In trying to make my own footing secure I fell forward. I began sliding downward. To the left there was a straight, sharply defined black line and nothing beyond it, and there was the sound of rushing water. I succeeded in keeping myself from being drawn to the left, but I accelerated my speed. The way was hard and smooth, and I dashed down, going faster than the rolling mass before me. It was on a lower level than I was, and I got abreast of it as it came to the straight black line. Then—good God, it was horrible! As I passed it upon my straight course the ball gave a final bound and shot out over the black line into space, no longer the ball, but a man, arms and legs widespread.

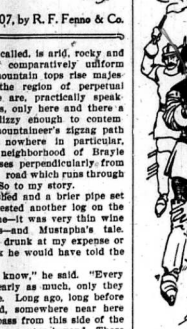
"Mustapha!" I cried, and my cry rang out and echoed away into the silence of the night, but there was no answer.

A moment later I plunged into loose snow and came to rest. Half stunned, I lay quite still for a while, and then I picked myself up, wondering if there were any help for Mustapha.

The sudden red glare of a torch flared up and dazzled me. I saw the gleam of it flash pointedly to my breast along a steel blade, and then a stentorian voice rang out:

"In the king's name, halt!"

Halt! It never occurred to me to do anything else. I was dazed and hardly able to stand. The challenge had



"IN THE KING'S NAME, HALT!"

brought others upon the scene, and half a dozen torches danced fiercely before my eyes. The sword was still pointed toward my breast, and I concluded that in coolness lay my only chance.

"I am unarmed." I said.

"We don't cut courtesy so fine as that in this country—the blow first and the pardon begging afterward." He laughed as he lowered his sword. "Who are you, and how the devil did you get here?"

"Just slid," I answered. "A few moments ago I was on the mountains somewhere behind me."

"And, by St. Patrick, you're English, with a touch of Irish blood in you for choice."

"Pure English."

"Faith, and I'm sorry for that. You are plucky enough to be an Irishman." It was too bewildered to be surprised at so strange a meeting. My only clear thought was that an Irishman with a drawn sword in a country known only in legend was probably a very different person from an ordinary Irishman on College Green. It would be wise to let him lead the conversation.

"You're my prisoner," he said. "Will you give me your word not to attempt to escape?"

"Certainly."

"My name is Dennis O'Ryan, Captain Dennis O'Ryan," he said, motioning me to follow him.

A few moments ago I had a comrade, Captain O'Ryan. As we came down from the mountains he lost control of himself and was carried away yonder. I should like to look for him."

"You'll see him in the morning if your eyesight is good. He won't move. Was he a friend?"

"Yes, a new acquaintance, but danger made us friends."

"Well, sir,"—

"Verrall," I said.

"Well, Mr. Verrall, he's just a corpse now and not a good specimen of a corpse either. You will understand why tomorrow."

We went through a narrow cutting in the solid rock, the torches casting weird and fantastic shadows about us, and presently came to a natural cavern, high pitched and of considerable size. A fire was burning in the center, the smoke, after thickening the atmosphere, finding its way out through a cleft in the roof, and an iron pot was on the fire, a strong, meaty smell coming from it, which, being hungry, I did not find unpleasant.

The ground of the cave was of loose soil, and my companions threw themselves down round the fire. O'Ryan motioned me to do the same. It was the most primitive meal I had ever assisted at, but I have rarely enjoyed one so much.

They were a wild looking crew, not excepting Captain O'Ryan. They were powerful men, big limbed, with shaggy dark hair and mustaches, not ill looking and rather picturesque than otherwise. They were somewhat tight nether garments and a rough, easy fitting leather shirt reaching nearly to the knees, but cut up at the thighs to give perfect freedom to the legs. Over this they wore a coat of mail, a compromise between plate and chain armor, and long boots of stiff hide, into the heels of which was fixed a spike about half an inch long. A low steel helmet fitting close on to the head completed their attire. For arms each man carried a long serviceable looking sword, which hung from a broad belt fastened loosely round the waist. Except that his armor was brighter and that he had a short feather at the side of his helmet, Captain O'Ryan did not differ from his comrades.

During the meal I was considerably surprised to find that I could understand my companions' conversation. O'Ryan when speaking to me spoke in English, or, rather, Irish, with a brogue, especially when he got excited, which I shall make no attempt to reproduce in these pages. When talking to his men he spoke in their language, which was the most curious conglomeration I have ever heard. It was apparently made up of several tongues, with a general groundwork of Norman-French. English, German and Italian were represented, and, although there were words here and there which I could attach no meaning to, being a good linguist, I could understand most of what was said, and if at first I was not so easily understood I soon managed to talk pretty freely.

The meal ended, O'Ryan kicked the fire into a blaze.

"The history of your strange coming among us should be interesting," he said.

CHAPTER II.

I TOLD him the simple truth, which I must confess sounded very much like a magnificent lie. O'Ryan looked surprised, and his companions whispered among themselves when I had finished.

"I'll take my oath I didn't come that way," the captain said.

"Which way, then?" I asked.

"I'd like to know. We certainly started up a mountain path, but before we had gone far they blindfolded us, and then we went down, where I can't say, but it was somewhere near to roaring water."

"And how long have you been here?"

"I don't know. Time is not of much consequence in this country."

"What did you come for?"

"Money," was his laconic answer.

"There must be a way out," I said.

"There ought to be since you found

(Continued on page 7)

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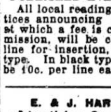

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY

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The Knight of the Silver Star

A Romance of Drusseniand

By PERCY BREBNER

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(Continued from page 6.)

a way in. We'll talk of it tomorrow. Rest now, for we start early."

It was early morning when O'Ryan woke me.

"Come and look for your friend," he said.

I felt refreshed, but terribly stiff and bruised.

Sunlight was upon the mountain tops, the shadows of flight, fleecy clouds crossing them swiftly. Before the cavern ran a broad, hard road, rough and snow caked, descending somewhat sharply to the right, ascending gradually to the left, and directly opposite was the way I had come last night. I stood looking at it in amazement. A glacier stretched up to the mountain opposite, a portion of it ending at the roadway against which, the winds had piled loose snow, luckily for me, but part of it had cracked and sunk, turning to run beside the road for a few yards and then ending abruptly in what last night had appeared to me as a black line. Here the glacier was broken off, its support a straight wall of rock going down sheer for at least 500 feet. At the base roared a torrent which burst from the rock and lashed itself into foam over its rocky bed.

"If your comrade wasn't dead before he went over that, he was dead before he got to the bottom of it," said O'Ryan.

I looked down at the water tumbling among the rocks and saw a little black mass lying there motionless, save for the motion the swirling water gave it. It was impossible to say what it was, but I think it must have been Mustapha, for two spots suddenly rose from it, growing larger as they mounted toward us with heavy flight.

"Vultures!" said my companion.

Poor Mustapha! He had expected so much of tomorrow. God rest his soul! He had indeed found a new country.

It was still early when we started upon our journey. Two men were sent on in front and told to keep a sharp lookout; the others fell to the rear, and O'Ryan and I rode alone.

"What am I to expect at the end of this journey?" I asked presently.

"Faith, that's more than I can tell. It's every man for himself here, and you'll find your life pretty much what you make it."

"That sounds promising."

"Oh, there's plenty of promise. It's some of the fulfilment I'm waiting for. It's all very well to live back in the middle ages and feel like the hero of a boys' story book, but it wants paying for."

"Then the legend is true, or partly true?" I said.

"I don't know anything about the legend or how those people came here. Anyway, here they are and engaged in as pretty a piece of war as poor old Ireland has ever suffered from. There are two factions in the country, the king's party and the rebels, who are headed by a section of his Princess Daria. Those who fight for the princess fight chiefly for love of her which is all very well in its way, but not attractive to the adventurer who hopes some day to go home and enjoy himself. The king, on the other hand, pays his soldiers, and, not having enough men in the country to fight his cause, he has got in a few foreigners to help them. I'm one of the foreigners. We have all been brought in secretly, and not a man jack of us knows his way out."

"Does the king pay well?"

"I think he would if he could, but his lack of the necessary troubles me," O'Ryan answered.

"Then how does he manage?"

"Much as they do at home—makes promises and pays for the accommodations. That's not a new trick. It was an old fashioned one in the days of ancient Babylon. The king, as a matter of fact, expects to find a treasure. We were looking for signs of it when you came. I expect the treasure is where the legendary part of the story comes in."

"You found nothing of it?"

"Not a cent. Still, my undertaking the mission means promotion when I return."

"And with a prisoner too."

"I would sooner have had a bit of the treasure to take back," he answered bluntly. "I don't deny that I shall try to make something for myself out of bringing you back."

"How will you explain my coming?" I asked.

It was well that I should know how to speak best for myself. To look after No. 1 seemed to be the creed of the country.

"I shall tell the truth," he continued. "There is no lie to equal it. I'm glad you're a big, healthy looking fellow. We don't take much notice of weaklings. As long as a man has a mighty arm the size of his brain doesn't matter."

The mountains on either side of us narrowed as we went on until we were presently passing through a defile that a few resolute men could have held against an army. I noticed that O'Ryan quickened his pace and became silent for a time.

The defile came to an end suddenly, and we came out on to a broad road which swept round the slopes of the lower hills. An exclamation of astonishment and admiration burst from my lips. Away from the road the hills, green clad and wooded, undulated to level country, which stretched away for miles. Green pastures, arable land, clusters of rough stone dwellings here and there, a river glinting in the sunlight and woody hollows made as fair a landscape as one could wish to see. Cattle were feeding below us, and I saw some women moving about the dwellings at the foot of the hill.

"Your first real glimpse of Drussenland," said O'Ryan.

"Is that how you call the country?"

"I didn't christen it, but that's the name of it."

"It is very beautiful," I said, "and doesn't look as if it were the seat of war."

"Things have been rather quiet lately, probably because there's a storm brewing. You see those women? Women do most of the work just now because all the men are under arms on one side or the other."

"And are unprotected women safe in such times?"

"Well, I won't go quite so far as to say that, but there is a rough sort of gallantry among us that compares fairly well with that of civilized nations when war is the order of the day."

"The legend says the women are beautiful."

"And, by St. Patrick, the legend's right so far! If I ever get back to Ireland there'll be moments when I shall wish myself here again, though the finest pair of eyes in the old country were looking at me. The women are all right and, luckily for most of us, cling to the man who can hold his own against other men."

"Is there no marriage?"

"Oh, yes, we get married after the law of the country, but it's not very binding here, so I suppose most of us will pose as bachelors when we get away, if we ever do. There's no breach of promise and there's no divorce, and if two men quarrel they just go to a quiet spot and hack away at each other until the affair is settled. The one who comes back takes possession of the lady or the money or whatever they have been fighting about."

"Primitive," I said. "I judge, captain, that you are comfortably settled?"

"Trust a son of the house of Michael O'Ryan of County Kerry for that. I've had to fight about her twice, and each time I've crawled home again. Possession is something—nine points of the law, as they say, but the tenth point is always in favor of the man who desires your property and handles a sword as well as or perhaps better than you do."

"Swords! Have you no firearms in this country?"

"There may be a stray revolver or two brought in by some of the foreigners, but they're not much use without ammunition, and that's not to be had in Drussenland."

At a turn of the road I saw again the snow clad peak which I had seen so often yesterday, looking far grander now than it did from the mountains. It rose almost abruptly from the low hills. I mentioned to my companion how I had been struck with it yesterday.

"It is called Khrym, which means the white knight, and it is supposed to rule the destinies of the Drussenlanders," he said.

"They worship it?"

"Not exactly, but it is a symbol of everything that is good and great. The

PRINCESS DARIA.

religion is as curious a jumble as the language. I wonder how far our advance guard is ahead? I thought we should have overtaken them by this time."

"Do you expect to be attacked?" I asked.

"No, but we don't want to be too far apart. We are in the rebels' part of the country."

He was evidently anxious, and we went on for a long time in silence. The road began to ascend again, and presently we got another and a wider view of the lower country. Far across the open plain I saw the dim outline of a city, at one side of which was a gigantic rock.

"Yonder is the capital," said O'Ryan. "And the rock?"

"The great stronghold of the city—indeed, of the country—the fortress of Yadasara."

It rose from the plain abruptly, its towering top jagged, as though lightning had played angry sport with it. It looked square in shape, but I could not judge its height from this distance.

"It is a mighty stronghold," said O'Ryan after a pause, "and I trust I may never find myself shut on the wrong side of its walls."

"Why?"

"It has a bad name for those who displease the king. Those who are carried to its gates seldom return. It is the time of the middle ages here, Verrall, and they were barbarous times, you know. Death has a hundred ghastly realities in the fortress of Yadasara."

There was little swagger about this adventurer as he spoke. Fearless as he was about most things, the fortress had inspired him with awe. He shook up his horse, and we went on at a rapid trot, the men behind keeping close to us. Soon afterward we entered a wood. O'Ryan reined in his horse, and we proceeded slowly and silently.

"I wonder where those fellows are," he said.

We were approaching the outskirts of the wood, and he had hardly spoken when there was a sharp clatter of horses' hoofs coming rapidly toward us, and a moment later our advance guard appeared. A strong company of the enemy was before us, not by chance, but apparently awaiting our advent.

"Were you seen?" asked O'Ryan.

The men did not think so.

There were only seven of us, and I was unarmed. It would be madness to go on, and O'Ryan evidently thought so, for after a moment's thought he turned his horse from the road into the wood.

"We must get away if we can," he said. "There is a chance of reaching the open country this way. Look out for the holes," he added, turning to me.

"I am sorry we haven't a spare sword. You must take your chance."

CHAPTER III.

We had not gone fifty yards when a score of men, similarly accoutered to my companions, rushed upon us. The struggle was short and sharp. I was unable to make any kind of resistance and was dragged from my horse and my hands tied securely behind me. O'Ryan and his men fought desperately, and for a few minutes the clash of steel woke the echoes of the wood. But numbers told. O'Ryan was knocked out of his saddle and bound as I was, and three of his men were also taken prisoners. Six men lay dead, two of ours and four of the enemy, bearing terrible witness to the fact that the fight had been no child's play. It was my first experience of medieval warfare, but it was not destined to be my last.

"With luck we may get to heaven," O'Ryan whispered to me. "But I don't think we'll ever get to Yadasara. Prisoners of war get badly handled. We'd be better off dying with those poor devils yonder."

Surrounded on every side by mounted men, twilight is of short duration in Drussemand. It was dark long before we came to our journey's end, and in spite of O'Ryan's gloomy forebodings I was not sorry to reach the rebel headquarters.

The rebel camp, which was set around a good sized town, called Meera, I learned later, lay between two spurs of the hills and we came upon it suddenly. O'Ryan and I were taken into a barrack yard full of armed men and after our hands had been untied were locked in a dungeon. We were in absolute darkness and for some minutes the blood quite still and were silent. Then O'Ryan growled out a long string of oaths, which must have given him considerable trouble to collect, and ended by endowing himself to perdition for leaving his desk in his saddlebag.

A flood of daylight pouring into the darkness through the open doorway woke me and almost blinded me. I rose to my feet, but the two soldiers who entered had not come for me. They shook O'Ryan, who, after a few sleepy grunts, stood up, very wide awake indeed.

"Wanted so soon?" he said.

One of the soldiers answered in the affirmative.

"Good!" For better than long waiting," he said, and he shook hands with me.

The next moment he was gone. The door closed and was locked again, and I was alone. Perhaps an hour elapsed before the door opened and the soldier entered and placed on the floor some food and a flagon of wine. I thanked him, and he saluted me. He waited until I had eaten some of the food and drunk the wine, with what relish I leave to the imagination, and then requested me to follow him. Outside a small guard received me, and I was bound again. We marched far, which was full of life and business, to a building on the opposite side.

It must have been about noon when the body of warriors came thronging into the yard I had yet seen marched into the yard. The officer came to me.

"The princess holds council, and I am commanded to bring you before her," he said.

I inclined my head.

My journey to the council hall was through the streets, and many people, chiefly women and old men, had gathered to see me pass. We turned into a courtyard surrounded on three sides by massive stone buildings and, marching straight across, halted for a moment before gates which opened into a great hall. At each end of the building was a huge round window but the lighting was insufficient, and the place was gloomy. The floor was of stone flags, worn a good deal, and indeed the whole edifice looked old. I know little of architecture, but although the style was common in Drussenland I have seen nothing like it elsewhere. Seated in the center of the hall on a platform was a woman surrounded by knights who were clad in steel a goodly sight to look upon. If armor is such eyes as mine. Just below the platform on either side stood a dozen men in loose garments reaching from shoulder to feet, tied at the waist with a white sash, the ends of which fell to the ground. Each wore a white skullcap. They were all elderly men, and their hair and beards had been allowed to grow at will.

To say that the princess was the most beautiful woman my eyes had ever rested upon is hardly to describe her. The whole of Princess Daria's world allowed that she was the most beautiful of women, and the women of Drussenland are beautiful. Her warriors, from the highest knight to the humblest soldier, worshiped her and had sworn obedience to him who should win her for himself. My first impression was that she was fit to rule those who bowed before her. She looked queenly and their mistress. Seated in her chair of state, as I first saw her, she looked a princess; she looked what she was, the idol of her people, and she looked more, a woman a man could love.

Every eye was turned toward me as I advanced up the hall. Certainly never before had I been such a center of attraction. I saw O'Ryan standing at the foot of the platform between two soldiers, but as I approached he studied their vigilance and, rushing toward me, fell on his knee and kissed my hand, whispering as he did so:

"Admit everything. It's our only chance."

Evidently I had to play a part of some sort. There was silence for some moments as I stood at the foot of the platform. The princess leaned forward in her seat to study me closely, and I tried to look unconscious of the sensation I caused.

He in the white robe and the silver girdle was the first to speak.

"Is it true what this man has told concerning you?" he said, pointing to O'Ryan.

"Sometimes men lie. What has he told concerning me?" I said.

"That suddenly, while he watched in the night, you came from the mountains quickly by a path unknown, which no man has traveled."

"It is true."

"Know you aught of us in Drussenland?"

"I know that war sings death among the nuts."

"Aught else?"

"I know that Khrym looks down and sorrowful, hiding his head with a cloud."

"The great Khrym shall be appeased tomorrow," he said. "Is it from Khrym on high you come?"

He asked the question slowly.

"I have said that I came from the mountains. Has any man traversed he path I have traversed?"

"And you have come to help us?"

"To all good."

"Tell us your mission that we may know you."

"From the mountains have I come to help you against your enemies. Be strong, and your princess shall sit upon the throne in Yadasara. Be faithful, be patient, and that which has been hidden for ages from your eyes shall once more sparkle in the sunlight of Drussenland."

My allusion to the treasure had an electrical effect upon my audience.

ADMIT EVERYTHING. IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE."

The princess rose to her feet, and the steel rang mightily as every sword leaped from its scabbard. The priests bowed low, and shout after shout made the massive walls echo again.

Only one man seemed unmoved at my statement—he who stood at the right hand of the princess.

He was the priest sure proof that the knight so long expected has come?"

"The priests shall study before they speak certainly, Count Vasca."

"Remember," said the count, irritated at the priest's quiet answer and pointing to O'Ryan, "on the word of a foreign dog we are trusting."

"Nay, count, on the word of the knight himself."

It was the princess who spoke. It was the first time I had heard her speak, and her voice thrilled me.

"The princess has judged," answered the count. "What, then, shall be done to this foreign dog, who, knowing that this was the promised knight, sought to carry him to our enemies in Yadasara?"

A growl of hatred followed these words, and I saw that it was likely to go hard with O'Ryan.

"Stay!" I cried, raising my arm for silence. "Those who fight in a cause, faithful to that cause, are worthy of honor. These foreign dogs, valiant though they be, fight often in ignorance."

"To that man owes many a knight his overthrow," said the count.

"If he has been mighty in a wrong cause more mighty shall he be in a right one. He has told the truth of me and is therefore sacred to me and to my cause."

"Then I have not understood our laws," said Count Vasca in a voice which rang clear and loud through the hall. "Since the days when the mountains shut in our land no foreign dog has come to us, who are true princes and landers. Our enemies have called them in to slay us, but we who are true people hate them even with a more deadly hatred than those who, born in the land, bear arms against the will the pay of him who calls himself the king. Have not the priests, speaking as with the mouth of Khrym himself, commanded us to crush them as we would reptiles under our feet? Have the priests given us false counsel, or does this knight o'erstep his mission? Would Khrym speak in one way to the priests and after another manner to his messenger? Is it not strange, princess, that two commands concerning our enemies are given us?"

"Count Vasca speaks most truly," I said. "But man's judgment is bound by hard and fast things, and of the morrow he knows naught. Where man sees only an enemy today, Khrym may recognize one who shall tomorrow be his messenger. This foreign dog has been so marked out. Had it not been given to him to know me might he not have attacked me instead of welcoming me? If in his ignorance he wished to take me to those whom he served was he not faithfully fulfilling his duty as he understood it? The priests have well understood that to be rightly spoken the name of the most high must be uttered."

"He is a foreign dog. It is enough," said the count, but no sound of approbation followed.

"I came from the mountains, and to the mountains I can return."

"The priests have not yet consulted," he said.

"Let them beware how they do so," I answered. "In their study does the face of Drussenland's foe smile? Is my armor bearer, my page and squire speak, princess. Judge betwixt Count Vasca and me. As your knight I claim this man, sacred to me and to my cause."

"Princess"—

"Pardon, count," she said, interrupting him. "Sir Knight, the man is yours."

"Study tonight," said the princess, turning to the priests. "Tomorrow after sunset shall we hold audience, and you shall declare if this be so as long as you expected. Count, see this knight and his servant well attended. Then come to me. I have a word for you in private."

For one moment the princess looked at me keenly and then turned. A door at the back of the platform swung open, and, followed by a guard of soldiers, she disappeared.

Count Vasca came to me.

"I am commanded to see you fittingly entertained," he said, and he led the way through one of the side doors, O'Ryan and I following, a small guard behind us, whether to honor us or to see that we did not escape I do not know.

We passed down several long corridors and then mounted a flight of stairs.

"I feel here ugtil tomorrow," said the count, ushering us into a spacious apartment. "I will see that you are served."

In a short time food was brought us and wine in flagons.

CHAPTER IV.

I COULD get nothing out of O'Ryan until he had done full justice to the food and wine.

"This is much better than sudden death," he said, setting down his empty flagon with an intense sigh of satisfaction.

"Tell me who I am supposed to be."

"A saint."

"I don't feel like one."

"You play that part to perfection."

"I feel more like a considerable sized liar."

"It was the only way out of it. Half measures were no good. How we're going to act up to promise I don't know. You may possibly get the princess to the capital, but how you're going to find a treasure which doesn't exist beats me."

To be Continued.

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The recent installation of Mack Tractors and Lapeer Trailers by the Dominion Transport Company Limited, for the transfer of L.C.L. freight between the Canadian Pacific Place Viger freight sheds and their outlying terminals in this city, was demonstrated before E. W. Beatty, Chairman and President, and other executives of the railway outside the Windsor Street Station.

Mr. Beatty was specially interested in the mechanism by which the trailer is connected up with the tractor. This is done by the simple operation of backing the tractor slowly into the trailer. Uncoupling is actuated from the tractor by the simple moving of a lever. The President had these operations performed several times and expressed his appreciation of their simplicity.

Coupling and uncoupling of the trailer is operated by means of a mechanism known as a fifth wheel which is bolted to the tractor frame and upon which the front end of the trailer rides, interlocks itself mechanically with the trailer through the use of railroad type double locking jaw couplers. Brakes of both the tractor and trailer are applied individually and separately by the driver and are at all times under his control. Were it possible for a trailer to become disconnected from a tractor at any time when in motion, the brakes of the former are automatically applied bringing it almost immediately to a stop.

Through the use of a "Dolly" which consists of a fifth wheel mounted on a pair of road wheels, two or more attendant trailers may be attached to one tractor thereby forming a tractor train and by so doing much increasing the total load capacity. With the addition of the extra trailer wheels the total weight of the vehicle and load is divided over a greater road surface tire area, thus overcoming the deteriorating effect of heavily loaded trucks on the highways and city streets.

The capacity of the trailers used is 10,000 to 15,000 pounds with an inside dimension of approximately 16 feet long, 6½ feet wide and 7 feet high. The tractor is of the internationally known "Bull Dog" type and its draw-bar pull is far in excess of anything that will be required of it, but was deemed advisable to use in view of the heavy road conditions prevailing in Montreal during the winter months.

While the tractor is of standard Mack design, only the chassis is so in the case of the trailer, the body being built and finished in the Transport company's plant in Montreal. The body is of oak throughout with a sheet metal covering and the whole equipment is highly finished in dark blue with red wheels and undergear, the standard colors of the company, making a very handsome appearance. The centre side panels or sliding doors of the trailer as well as the rear doors and front panel are decorated with the Maple Leaf and Beaver, insignia of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The doors of the tractor bear the same crest. The Dominion Transport Company have at present nine trailers in operation and will increase this number to twelve in the next few weeks. Similar automotive equipment has been ordered for use in Toronto by the company.

Mack Tractors and Lapeer trailers represent the latest and most efficient method of handling freight. It consists of spotting one or more trailers at strategic points where freight is to be picked up. When the trailer is loaded the tractor calls for each in turn, taking them to their respective destinations under what is known as the Shuttle System. By this method no time is lost by full trailers waiting to be moved, as they are operated on an hourly schedule between each of the outlying freight depots and the central station, thereby giving the merchants and manufacturers of these outlying districts the same despatch with their freight as those who are more centrally located.

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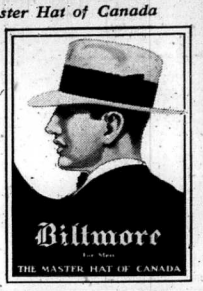

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They are also expertly cut in ample proportion. Then too, the workmanship reflects a high standard of tailoring.

Our Spring stocks feature well assorted ranges of patterns and colors. Select your requirements for the season.

PRICED

$1.75 TO $2.95 EACH

Men's and Young Men's Top Coats

Priced from $15. to $24.50

Men, this is open season on Top-Coats—it's time to wear one. The calendar and the weather man both agree to this. Your hunt can start and stop in our Men's Store. You will find no smarter styles—no better values than are anywhere. Fashion sponsors for this season fancy tweeds and plain weaves in light colored spring-like tones. Shades of Grey, Brown, Fawn and Taupe.

Men's Neckwear

Four-in-Hand Styles

Values 50c. to $1.50 Ea.

A man's taste is usually judged by his choice of neck-wear. Our Spring range sponsors an exclusive showing of plain colorings, stripe and check patterns. Your choice cannot but help be a wise one.

We invite your inspection.

Men's Tailored to Measure Suits and Coats *Guaranteed Finest Values Procurable*

This department looks after the man who wants exclusive wearables, the best that's made. Suits here are built to individual measurements, they fashionably express your personality and taste. The Spring range of patterns and colors is extremely varied and good looking.

Look them over.

Men's Half Hose In Spring and Summer Weight

Plain Colors and Fancies

Men following different trades and professions require different weights and qualities in hosiery.

We aim to cater to every man's individual requirements. Our summer range displays grades for formal wear, for week-day wear, for sports wear.

The color range is exceedingly varied and exclusive.

All sizes.

PRICED FROM

52C. TO $1.00 PAIR

Quality Value Service

Canadian Department Stores Limited

We Close 5.30 p. m. Every Night Except Saturday

PERSONALS

Mr. Geo. Gibbard was in Toronto a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adams have returned from Detroit, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Robinson returned to Napanee on Saturday.

Mrs. Andrew Kitchen spent last week with her sister at Yarker.

Miss Marion Roblin is visiting her sister, Miss Mildred, in New York.

Mr. W. J. Taylor, Woodstock, is the guest of his brother, Mr. Melville Taylor.

Messrs. G. A. Wellman and W. Hyatt have purchased the Benson House at Lindsay.

Miss Muriel Shannon, Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Shannon.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Woodger, Port Perry, are guests of Rev. and Mrs. W. P. Woodger.

Mr. Clarence Denison has purchased the residence of the late Mrs. M. Finkle on Centre street.

Miss Muriel Dean ,of Ebenezer school, spent Easter with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Dean.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Webster and family and Mrs. Smith spent Sunday with friends at Cobourg.

Messrs. Miles S. Plumley and R. Vanalstine, St. Catharines, spent last week-end with friends in Napanee.

Chief Barrett, inspector for the Children's Aid Society, attended the meeting of the Provincial Society in Toronto last week.

Mr. and Mrs. U. M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knapp, Mr. Jas. A. Wilson, Mr and Mrs. Clude Nugent and Mrs Lee, Bush and son, Bruce, were in Picton on Friday, attending the funeral of the late Mrs. Chas. E. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, Mrs. A. E. Thompson and the Misses Pearl and Rheta McKay, of Brockville, visited Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Beattie, Bridge street, on Sunday. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Pearl McKay and Mr. L. S. Beattie sang a quartet number in St. Andrews church.

BIRTHS

Hudgins—At Selby, on Monday, April 16th, 1928, to Mr. and Mrs. Percy, Hudgins, a daughter.

DEATHS

Wilkes—At Kingston General Hospital, on Sunday, April 22nd, 1928, Mrs. Maria Jane Wilkes, aged 78 years, 10 months.

To sufferers of rheumatism, gout, sciatica and neuritis, and uric poisoning, I have a real remedy, certain in results and quick relief. A harmless and drugless mineral remedy. Call or write MRS. W. M. HENDERSON, Napanee, R. R. 1. 22-1p

Parham, April 23.—This village was visited by a serious outbreak of rabies on Saturday, about twelve dogs being killed. A young boy, James Lowery, was bitten by one of the dogs owned by his parents, and he will likely be taken to Kingston to receive treatment.

Mr. Kendall, organist of the Presbyterian Church, Perth, officiated at the organ in Trinity church at both services on Sunday. Mr. Kendall is an organist and choir leader of exceptional ability and his work yesterday was very favorably commented on by the musically loving people of the congregation.

Returned soldiers in this district are very much dissatisfied with the various appointments made by the Provincial Government and the Liquor Control Board. Capable returned soldiers were applicants for all the positions, which were vacant, but there was not one returned man appointed in Napanee, Picton, Deseronto or Belleville.

Two basketball teams representing the Napanee Collegiate Institute motored to Brockville on Saturday to play friendly games with two teams representing the collegiate of that town. The boys' team of Napanee, which won the Interscholastic League a few weeks ago, received a bad beating from their eastern opponents, the score being very one-sided. The girls' team was also defeated by the narrow margin of two points. The teams were accompanied by Mr. L. S. Beattie, Principal, Mr. J. L. Murray and Miss Vroom McLaughlin, the two latter being the basketball coaches at the collegiate. Following the games the visitors were delightfully entertained to a dance, after which supper was partaken of, the party returning home again about eleven o'clock. The return games will be played at the collegiate gymnasium a week from next Saturday.

Poultry Wanted.

We pay the highest cast prices for poultry the year round.

THE M. B. MILLS CO.,
18-1-y Napanee.

HEALTH SERVICE OF THE CANADIAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

BABY'S FOOD.

We believe that every mother wishes to do what is best for her child. A great responsibility rests upon each mother. Upon the mothers of this country depends the health of the citizens of the next Canadian generation.

The infant is absolutely dependent upon his mother. Beyond his ability to express pain and hunger by crying, he is a very helpless creature. It is this extreme helplessness that is, in many ways, so appealing, while, at the same time, it makes great demands upon the mother.

Much of the sickness and many of the deaths which occur amongst infants are due to the fact that mothers, instead of breast-feeding their babies, put them on artificial feedings. There is no artificial feeding that can be compared to the natural food. The baby who is deprived of the natural food loses something that cannot be replaced, and has not an equal chance to grow up strong and well, as compared with his naturally-fed brother.

Why are babies artificially fed? A few are so unfortunate as to lose their mothers ; a few mothers, on account of illness, are unable to nurse. In the vast majority of cases, it is because the mother does not know that she is doing the wrong thing when she weans her baby. She may think that she cannot nurse her baby ; that the baby is not doing well, and so the mother's milk is insufficient or of poor quality ; that some artificial feeding is better ; that some well-meaning, but ignorant neighbour is an authority on children, and this neighbour has advised weaning.

There are very few women who cannot nurse their babies, but, in many cases, they need instruction as to how to do it. In fairness to herself and to her baby, no mother should wean her baby except on the advice of the family physician.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College St., Toronto, will be answered. Questions as to diagnosis and treatment will not be answered.

Windshield and car door glass, any size, at A. E. PAUL'S. 43

CANADIAN WOMEN'S WORK

BY LUCINDA.

"It is the women with good husbands and happy homes in which they have a proper standing who should see that there is a law on the statutes of their province to protect those who are not so happily situated," is the decision of Mrs. O. G. Edwards, of Alberta, National Convener of Laws for the Council of Women. Mrs. C. W. Lang, Toronto, Provincial Convener of Legislature for the Women's Institutes and also for the National Council, spoke in Kingston at a joint meeting of the Institutes and Local Council recently and referred to the need for laws for the better protection of women and children. "Politically women are free, economically they are free until they are married and then they are slaves. A woman in an Ontario home has no rights, only privileges that can be denied to her as far as a share in the money earned by the joint efforts of herself and her husband is concerned," said Mrs. Lang, and went on to say that the women and men of the Netherlands have led the way in arranging an economic basis whereby each woman has a share in the money made and also is paid a certain sum weekly or monthly as her due. As a matter of fact, a deserted wife is often much better off in Canada than a woman who apparently has a good home. She must be paid, if desertion is proven, twenty dollars a week, at least. The old joke about the man who said to his wife, "Where is the dollar I gave you last week," is no joke, but a cruel reality to some women. Girls who are earning a good salary naturally hesitate before giving it up, to work just as hard in another way and perhaps not have a cent in their purse. It is time that the women who have the vote should use it to see that there is a fair division of money earned. The woman on the farm often works harder than the man and even the woman in the towns, who does all the work of the household, nurses the husband and children when they are ill, and looks after the garden, should surely have something more than her board and lodging for so doing. Other provinces have better laws than Ontario. It is up to our women to better their own condition.

• • • •

Do you remember when the women first began to go without hats ? What frights they were ! Some of them had straggling grey hair that made them look like witches and only the girls and women with beautifully dressed hair of the kind that "stays put" looked at all well. Then came the net that is still in favor and then the bobbed heads. Now the times are changed. Only near at home or in a car on a hot summer evening do you see a town woman without a hat. It is the men who are going hatless now-a-days, young men especially and very good for the hair it is. You will meet on any street a girl with a neat little hat on her short hair and with her a man, hatless.

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The Provincial Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire has been meeting at Hamilton. A memorial for the late Mrs. Harry Burkholder, for many years Provincial President, was one of the matters under discussion. Daughters from all over the province were present to make plans for the carrying out of the work of this great women's society.

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Capt. and Mrs. Bruce Bairnsfather are at Kingston at present, having come from Trenton, where they spent the winter making British films and the celebrated cartoonist has been taking the cadets of the Royal Military College at work and at play. He met an old friend of the war time, Dr. L. J. Austin, who treated him when wounded in France. As Mr. Austin is keenly interested in the Sea Cadet Corps he asked Mr. Bairnsfather to give a talk to help the boys' camp fund. This he did before a large audience, although lecturing generally is out of the question for him, as the making of the British films we should all see, occupies all of his time.

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If you are using the new hand blocked linens for curtains and coverings, remember that the large patterns do not look well in a small room. The tints are lovely and the effect charming, with care.

• • • •

The separate sweater and skirt will be worn again this summer and the girls are making smart little cloth skirts and knitting sports sweaters. You can wear the same skirt and have a change by having several sweaters. Gay colors are best, they light up the golf course and are becoming to fresh, young faces.

Some months ago we gave the women's societies a hint about the way to prepare a report for their local newspapers. Some of our present readers may not have seen it ,as at that time their paper was not using this women's column. Always remember that the only thing a paper has to sell is space and when the editor gives it to you for nothing, he should get some real news from you to pay for it in part. Then he doesn't want you to spend time "dressing up" your stuff, so write your reports clearly ad on one side of the paper. Be especially careful about names. You can guess at ordinary words sometimes, but you can't guess at names. Then use the initials of the women's husbands, for several people of the same name are in the community. And send the account of the meeting while it is still news. The paper wants to tell its readers something they don't know, not something they have almost forgotten, it is so long since it happened.

• • • •

That delicious green vegetable, asparagus, will soon be on the market, grown in Canada. A good housewife has found out that as the tips cook so much more quickly than the stalk, it is better to cook the bunches standing upright either in a boiler or as she did, in a coffee pot, the tips cooking almost by steam. It is a mistake to throw away any part of this vegetable except the hard white end. The water is, of course, salted and with a few of the tips, a little flour mixed in cold water and added with half cup of milk, makes a delicious white soup, just the use buy in cans, only better, because its vitamines are fresh.

When a man who is not used to the woods lights a match and later throws it on the ground, he expects it to go out. But when and unexperienced woodsman is through with his match it is out. He does not leave it to expectation. He knows.

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

The Great English Preparation. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Used for *Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Loss of Energy, Palpitation of the Heart, Failing Memory.* Price $2 per box, 3 for $5. Sold by all druggists, or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. *New pamphlet mailed free.* THE WOOD MEDICINE CO., TORONTO, ONT.

23-1-y

"For neither did His brethren believe in him. Then Jesus said unto them, "My time is not yet come ; but your time is always ready." John 7 : 5-6 ; "Jesus answered them, and said, my doctrine is not mine, but His that sent me. If any man will do His will he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself." John 7 : 16-17 ; "Jesus stood and cried saying, "If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture has said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the spirit which they that believe on Him, should receive; for the Holy Ghost was not yet given ; because that Jesus was not yet glorified," John 7, 37-39.

He (Jesus) breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

A BIBLE LOVER.

You Can Get

Custom Hatching, Baby Chicks, Incubators (new or used) Brooders, Feeds, Appliances—Everything at

THE MILLS HATCHERY,
18-3m. Napanee.

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Plumbing, Furnace Work, Tinsmiths.

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